

Children's Newspaper, November 21, 1931

Christmas Number of My Magazine,
the C.N. Monthly, Now Ready

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 661

Week Ending
NOVEMBER 21, 1931

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d

THE GOLDEN DEED ON THE GOLD SHIP

THE DEATHLESS STORY OF THE EGYPT

GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN

Sister Rhoda's Last Seat in the Last Boat

SPIRIT OF THE IMMORTALS

For three years the Italian divers of the Artiglio and her successors strove through storm and peril, disappointment and disaster, to salvage the treasure of the sunken Egypt before they laid bare the bullion room.

It is a thrilling story.

But when the liner went down in 1922 after colliding with another vessel 25 miles south-west of Ushant, there occurred in the very hour of her sinking a salvage far more precious than all the gold she carried. It was the salvage of a human life, the triumph in the hour of sacrifice of a human soul.

A Brother's Moving Narrative

Some part of the story has been told here before. We are now privileged to tell it with the name of the woman who gave up the last seat in the last boat. The details of one of the most unselfish and unseeking acts of heroism of our time have been told to us by the brother of the woman with whose name it is imperishably associated. He is the Rev A. Patrick McNeile, vicar of Aylsham, in Norfolk, and we cannot improve on the simplicity of his moving narrative of what happened in that hour of confusion and dismay when the Egypt went down to the bottom of the sea.

There had been a mutiny of the Goanese stewards. It was quelled, but the time left for getting out the boats before the ship went down was then short. A number of passengers had failed to get their lifebelts. The water had reached their cabins. They could not get to them.

No Time For Words

The assistant Marconi operator took off his own life-jacket and gave it to a lady who had none. That brave fellow did not come home. The women and children were lined up. They could not stand on the deck; it was tilted too sharply. They lay along the rail, edging their way as best they could toward the waiting boat.

The Chief Purser, who was superintending the loading of the boat and counting heads as the passengers were helped into it, called "Three more."

Miss McNeile was Number Three in the line. Hers was the last place.

On her right was a married woman who murmured something. It was "Oh, my children! What will they do without a mother?"

So Miss McNeile naturally put her arm under the woman and hoisted her across, and said "If you don't mind,

In Training



The happy faces of the girls in this picture show how much they are enjoying their exercise at Mitcham. They are out for a training run with their instructor, Miss Annie Stone, who has taken part in international athletic events.

we will change places." There was no time for anything to be said, no time for a message to Miss McNeile's brother or to anyone else, because the woman who had been given her place was at once seized by the sailors and pushed into the boat. This was cut adrift, and a minute afterwards the Egypt turned turtle and went down. The one was taken and the other left. But she who gave her life saved her soul and left the world an imperishable memory of sacrifice and greatness.

"My sister naturally gave her place," says her brother, "because she was a Christian. It would have hurt her more than that the children should be motherless than that her own life should be at an end. Had she not done what she did all her life would have been haunted by that thought. She was always capable of rapid thinking and quick decision, and she used both in that second of mortal peril in order not to miss her opportunity. If she had been slow about it

she would have been grabbed and put into the boat. Her chance would have been gone."

Her chance of immortality, Mr McNeile means. That is what this noble woman seized.

Her name in full was Ethel Rhoda McNeile, and it will be graven for ever among those of the noble army of martyrs and heroes.

She was of Girton College, Cambridge, and the Church Missionary Society and India knew her as Sister Rhoda. She spent her last night in England at Murston Vicarage in Kent, where her brother was then, and she has a tablet to her memory at Bishops Sutton, near Alresford in Hampshire, where both her father and a brother lie.

All that remains of her body will lie near a bullion room just reached by the divers, but her imperishable spirit, the glory of her great example, and the memory of her life of love and sacrifice and true nobility, can never pass away.

THE DIVERS ON THE GOLD SHIP REACHING THE BULLION ROOM

The Treasure in the Safe Deposit of the Sea

HEROISM ON THE OCEAN BED

In the Safe Deposit of the sea the treasure trove of the Egypt is still secure, though it is now being reached.

After three years of resistance the guardian sea allowed the Italian divers to pry into the bullion room where the gold lay hid; but it bade them try again before they could loose its grip.

The story of the descent of the Italian diver Sodini, as told in The Times, is like one of those old fairy tales where the hero, seeking to enter the enchanted castle, finds fresh difficulties at every turn.

Explosive bombs were lowered from the salvage ship till they reached to the deck of the sunken liner and to a place in its hull where an explosion ought to rend loose at last the roof of the room where the gold bars were stowed.

Suspended in the Dark Sea

Once before the bombs had failed to go off. This time their explosion shook the salvage ship on the surface. Had they done what was intended, split the bullion-room roof so that a diver could be lowered through the rent with a grab like a huge pair of scissors and bring back a box of gold?

Sodini the diver was lowered to see. At first he could see little, for the explosion had stirred up all the mud and refuse which the Egypt had gathered in her hull in three years.

Above him the salvage ship rolled and swayed, lifting him up and down like a plummet and a pendulum combined. He was lowered through two walls of wreckage 30 feet high, and hung there waiting half an hour for his eyes to grow accustomed to the darkness, exchanging a word or two through his telephone with the assistant on deck.

The First Breach Made

Then he asked that the salvage ship should be moved so as to bring him right above the hole that the explosive had blown. This was done, and he got lower down. He was in sight of the gash in the bullion room.

Next day another diver took up the task. Lenci got down with a grab, and the grab got hold of a huge bit of the plating of the roof.

Now surely at last the end (like the bullion room) was in sight! But the safe deposit of the sea was not yet opened. The hole in the roof was not big enough. The diver and his grab could not get in to lift the gold. The first breach had been made, but it was not enough; with rising wind and sea, the final assault had again to be deferred.

HUB OF THE CITY

LORD MAYOR'S OLD HOUSE MADE NEW

Comfort and Utility Added to Its Ancient Charm

AN ARCHITECT'S TRIUMPH

London has always been proud of its Mansion House. No mayor was disloyal enough to whisper that it was uncomfortable and that servants hated it.

Lay a finger on the Mansion House! Certainly not. It would be high treason.

But this year workmen moved in, and now the Mansion House is as comfortable as the newest building in Old London.

First of all they called in a trusted architect, Mr Sydney Tatchell, and asked him if it were possible to make the Mansion House light and comfortable without spoiling George Dance's work? He said it was; in fact, it could best be done by getting back to George Dance's work.

Carved Panelling Revealed

George Dance was the architect who built the Mansion House between 1739 and 1753, except the Justice Room, which was added in 1849. When he erected the building he saw that it was handsome and convenient, but very many alterations were made in later years. Ugly partitions were put up, windows were blocked, and some of the rooms were made very dark.

Now that Mr Tatchell has stripped the later decorations away the place has gained immensely in light and freshness, and some excellent carved panelling has been revealed in the lounge behind the ballroom.

Beautiful Roof Garden

That is not all, of course: the architect did not stop at replacing crimson and gilt with ivory paint and adding some windows. He has made a service lift and staircase at the back, put in a new water service, central heating, electric lighting, and telephone installations, and added a fourth storey of servants' bedrooms. This storey is hidden by the balustrade which runs round the building, and gives airy comfort without spoiling George Dance's design.

If George Dance came back he would warmly approve of the work which has been done. The gallery has been replaced in the Egyptian Hall in its former position, and we can now see the beautiful marble fireplace in the secretary's room.

On the top of the building has been laid out a beautiful roof garden, and here the Lord Mayor and his staff will be able to imagine themselves in the country, which was not so far off 200 years ago. Perhaps George Dance would smile, for with all our inventions we cannot bring back the green fields which were so near the City in the days when he built the Mansion House.

Good Old Advice

We are glad to hear that one thing has not been changed; it is the motto in the old servants' hall near the Walbrook entrance now used as a lady's cloakroom when the mayor gives a reception which is not actually a State occasion. The old advice is as good now as ever:

Swear not, lie not, neither repeat old grievances.

How many people there are who make themselves miserable, and frighten away friends, by repeating old grievances!

Altogether London may be satisfied about the work at the Mansion House. An old building has been brought up to date and made comfortable without losing any of its charm. We have been proud of the Mansion House for 200 years, and we can be prouder than ever now, because it is labour-saving for the first time in its historic life.

FIRST HOUR IN THE NEW PARLIAMENT

Pointing at a Member

SPEAKER'S FIRST SPEECH

In the First Hour of the First National Parliament the House of Commons forgot for a space the high expectations and purposes of its assembly, and performed the pretty ceremonies which the Mother of Parliaments has long ordained for her children.

Her ways are not as those of other families, where children are told that it is rude to point. The proceedings began in this grave House with the Clerk pointing at the Member for Rye.

That was because there was no Speaker whose eye a member had to catch. It was the Member for Rye's pleasurable duty to propose one, and the no less gracious task of a Labour Member, Mr Thorne of Plaistow, to second the proposal that "Captain the Right Honourable Edward Algernon FitzRoy do now take the Chair of this House as Speaker."

Traditions of the House

Captain FitzRoy did so, and, rising, began his speech of thanks and acknowledgment by naming Sir Horace Dawkins, who is not a member of the House at all, but whose finger it was that pointed to the Member for Rye. The explanation is that Sir Horace is the Clerk of the House.

Then, after these preliminaries, the Speaker addressed his pupils as a Headmaster might, telling them of some of the old traditions of the House (he must nearly have said School) and how, though they might sometimes seem to be tiresome, they all helped in the task of keeping order, and operated for the greatest good of the greatest number. He added a wise little homily, not usually in the book, about the value of keeping their speeches short.

So the New Parliament began with all the high hopes and good resolutions with which we all begin the New Year. Let us all hope, and let them resolve, that the speeches will be short and their work will be great.

OUR LOCAL RULERS

Labour Party's Loss of 400 Seats

ROOM FOR ECONOMY

The results of the municipal elections in England and Wales were as remarkable as those of the parliamentary elections held in the previous week.

Very often it has happened that the parties defeated in the one have succeeded in the other, but this year the voters have been overwhelmingly consistent, and Labour has been as decisively defeated in the towns as in the nation.

This result is mainly due to the combination of Liberals and Conservatives in many towns so as to ensure a straight fight.

In London Labour has lost 203 seats and the control of five borough councils. Only Bermondsey, Poplar, and Deptford now remain in its hands.

In the provincial towns Labour has lost over 200 seats and gained only five.

There is no doubt that the policy of the Labour Party has been considered too extravagant for the present needs. The economies of the new Government will be supported with much greater sympathy by the new local councils than by those they have replaced, and there should be no excuses now for delay in carrying-out any measures the Government prescribes. There is, also, much waste in purely local administration which should be quickly stopped.

THE CABINET

20 Men For the Great Task

A GOOD TEAM

The new Cabinet of 20 members has been carefully chosen for the difficult work it has to do.

It has the advantage of youth, its average being 57, low for a Cabinet in this country, while different points of view are balanced in the representatives at the four departments of State which matter most in the economic crisis at home and abroad.

Mr Neville Chamberlain, an advocate of tariffs, is at the Exchequer, and Mr Walter Runciman, who knows all there is to know about shipping and the importance of finding new markets, is at the Board of Trade. Mr Thomas remains Secretary for the Dominions, while Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister brings his wide experience at the Board of Trade to the Colonial Office.

The new Foreign Minister is Sir John Simon, whose vast knowledge of international law and finance will be invaluable in our cooperation with other countries in clearing up the situation in Europe.

The Nation's Leaders

Many people regret that Mr Baldwin declined the Chancellorship, but his freedom from a Department of State will give him time to help the Prime Minister in his onerous tasks.

Here are the names of the Cabinet Ministers and their offices:

Mr Ramsay MacDonald	..	Prime Minister
Mr Stanley Baldwin	..	President of Council
Mr Neville Chamberlain	..	Exchequer
Sir Herbert Samuel	..	Home Office
Lord Sankey	..	Lord Chancellor
Lord Hailsham	..	War Office
Sir John Simon	..	Foreign Office
Sir Samuel Hoare	..	India
Mr J. H. Thomas	..	Dominions
Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister	..	Colonies
Marquess of Londonderry	..	Air
Sir Archibald Sinclair	..	Scotland
Sir E. Hilton Young	..	Health
Mr Walter Runciman	..	Board of Trade
Mr Philip Snowden	..	Lord Privy Seal
Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell	..	Admiralty
Sir Donald Maclean	..	Education
Sir John Gilmour	..	Agriculture
Sir Henry Betterton	..	Labour
Mr W. Ormsby-Gore	..	Office of Works

It is interesting to see the proportion of the former Parties in this National Cabinet. There are 11 Conservatives, five Liberals, and four Labour representatives.

We look forward to great results from this strong combination of the nation's leading men.

A GALLANT FELLOW

Wanted, More Like Him

A Rover Scout who saved seven lives has lost his own, and it is believed he lost it for others.

In 1929 he offered himself to the British Red Cross Society for blood transfusions. He gave eight transfusions, and thereby saved seven people.

Last December he became ill, and after nearly 10 months in hospital he has died. It is thought that this calamity is due to the loss of much blood, but his friends know that this brave Rover Scout would not have counted the cost too high.

The name of this gallant youth was Kenneth Wilfred Hardstone, and he was a member of King Alfred's Own Scout Group. He was buried the other day wrapped in his flag.

His sacrifice may lead other volunteers to give transfusions, so that the authorities may have such a great number and variety of donors to call upon that they need not ask anyone to give often. Already there is a large roll of donors, but the donor's blood must be suitable for the particular type of patient, and not everyone could have given what Hardstone gave.

We want more like him, from every point of view.

THE MOUSE OF STOKE CHARITY

Escape and Search in Hampshire

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

Hampshire is delighted to learn that a mouse has been caught.

Never before in history was there so much excitement over the trapping of one solitary mouse.

"Is he caught yet?" asked dozens of people eagerly each day, and morning after morning the answer was: "Not yet, but he has been seen again."

After a month came victory, and the catching of the mouse was recorded not merely in a local newspaper but in the news columns of The Times, the Thunderer itself. It was quite a brief paragraph, but it came on the same page as the discovery of a rare Shelley Tract and the report of the Queen's visit to East London. Never before has a mouse been so honoured.

He belonged to a little girl, Miss Pat Edwards, whose father is rector of Stoke Charity in Hampshire. He went everywhere in his mistress's pocket. One day, when she was travelling in a country bus, Mr Mouse got tired of the dark pocket and came out.

No doubt somebody shrieked; there would be a grab, a scurry, and Mr Mouse disappeared.

A Month on a Bus

For a month he hid on the bus, and journeyed 140 miles a day in it. Luckily the bus took children to school every morning, and they dropped crumbs, which kept Mr Mouse alive. If they had not, hunger might have made him desert the bus at night, and then he might have fallen a victim to an owl or a cat.

As the days went by the excitement grew. All the villages wanted to know if the little girl had got her mouse back yet, and some people felt they would rather not travel by bus till he was caught. Various schemes for catching him were tried, but the mouse had grown shy and wary. From time to time he was seen, and there was no mistaking his brown and white person, but it only appeared to vanish again.

Finally he forgot prudence and ventured into a trap baited with cake. A little door fell, and the next day Miss Pat Edwards was one of the happiest people in all England.

It was a great relief to everyone concerned, especially to certain ladies who like mice in their proper place but consider that a bus is not a proper place.

THINGS SAID

Music is one of the needs of our being.
Mrs Snowden

Daddy really isn't so very funny.

Sidney Earle Chaplin, aged five

Most modern wars have their roots in economic rivalry. Bishop of Winchester

All statesmen responsible for war should be in the first detachments sent to the front.
Lord D'Abernon

Tired and ashamed of our jazz music, we begin to long for the harps of God.
Bishop of Ripon

As long as we pour money into armaments we make a travesty of our high-sounding treaties.

U.S. Under-Secretary of State

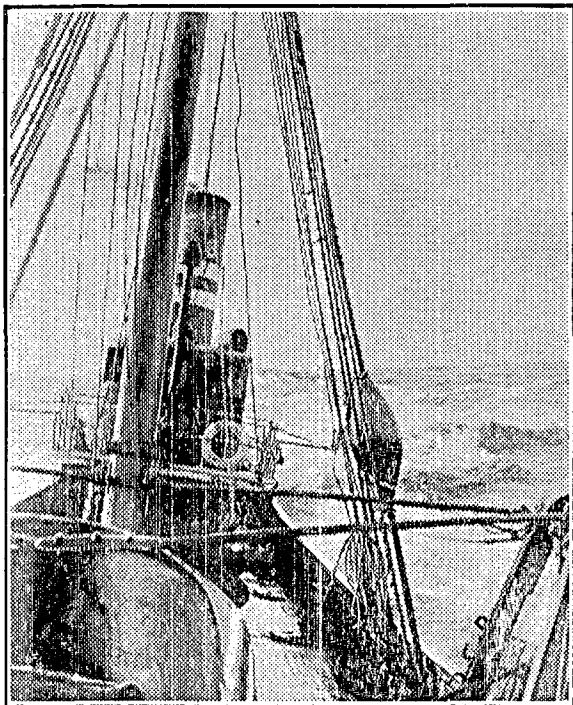
The villagers in Northern Garhwal believe they have only to climb a high mountain to see England.

Mr F. S. Smythe

We could have paid every man in the subsidised beet-sugar industry 25s a day to go and live in the South of France, and yet saved money.

Mr A. Emil Davis

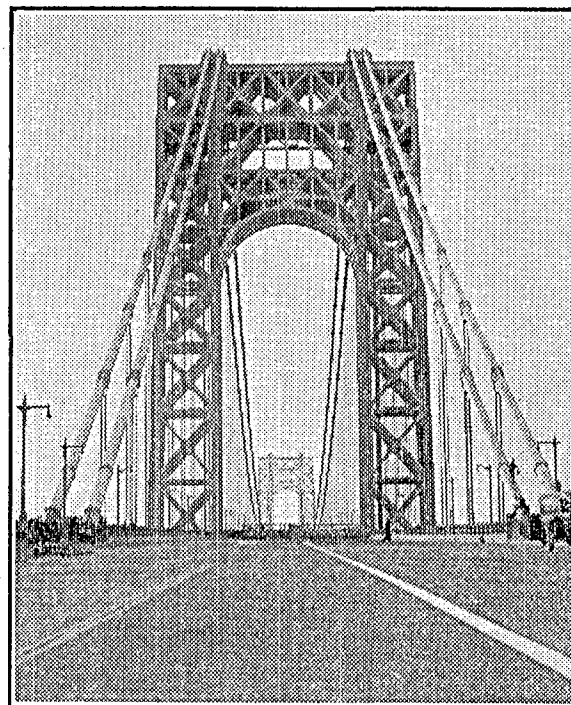
WITH THE FISHERMEN · A PRINCESS COOK · PARIS PLOUGHMAN



In the North Sea—The men of the fishing fleets brave the wintry seas to supply the nation's breakfast tables. This picture shows a trawler from Grimsby rolling along through a rough sea to the fishing grounds.



Princess in the Kitchen—Princess Ingrid, the daughter of the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden, is now attending a school of cooking. Here she is seen washing-up after a lesson.



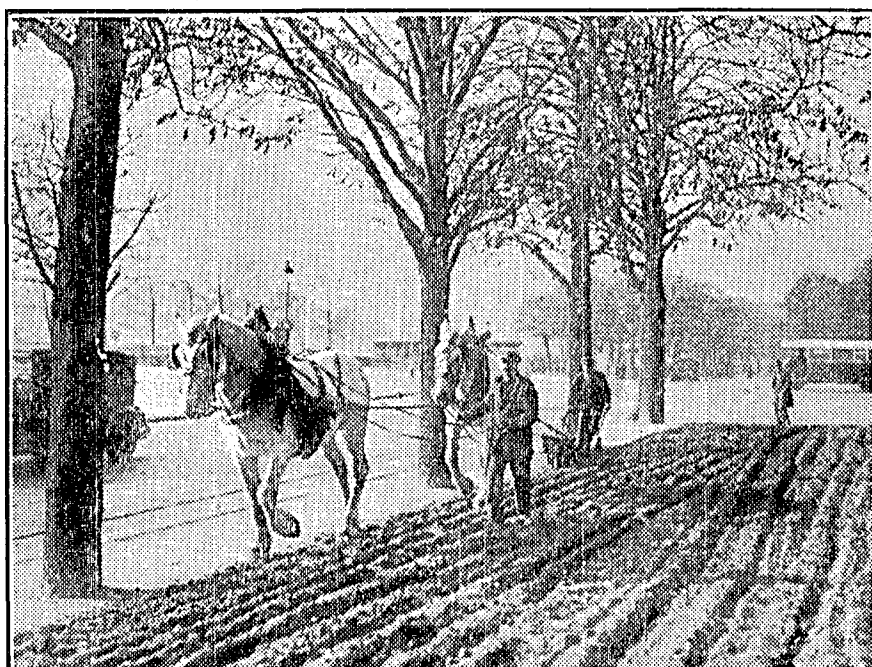
World's Biggest Suspension Bridge—The great George Washington suspension bridge over the Hudson River, which links the States of New York and New Jersey, has a span of 3500 feet. It is now open for traffic.



Lacrosse Girls—Students of a Kensington physical training college caught in a joyous mood by a photographer in Kensington Gardens, where they often practise physical exercises.



Preparing for Christmas—The boys and girls who take part in Christmas plays are now very busy with rehearsals. These pupils of a London dancing school are learning their music.



The Ploughman of Paris—This unexpected sight was witnessed in the heart of Paris the other day, when the riding track near the Champs-Élysées was being ploughed up.

THE RARE SPIRIT IN POLITICS

SOME FINE EXAMPLES

Sir Austen Chamberlain's
Noble Gestures

WHEN HE WAS WRONG

There has been much of the better spirit in politics in connection with the formation of the New Cabinet, several older men of high repute having sacrificed their claims in favour of unity and younger men. Lord Reading and Sir Austen Chamberlain have both stepped down; and Lord Crewe and Lord Amulree have both abandoned any claim to office.

Of Sir Austen Chamberlain it might be said that nothing became his career as a Minister of the Crown better than his way of resigning it by offering to make way for younger men.

But it is also to be said that this noble gesture was no isolated example of his public and self-sacrificing spirit, but was in keeping with his whole political life and the action he took at critical moments in it.

Mr Balfour's Successor

When Mr Balfour retired from the leadership of his Party there was acute division in it as to his successor. Should it be Mr Walter Long or Mr Austen Chamberlain? Both decided not to disunite the Party by imposing on it the choice between them, and Mr Bonar Law became leader, with Mr Chamberlain acting as his loyal lieutenant.

When Mr Chamberlain was Secretary of State for India a mistake was made in Indian administration. It was no fault of his, but he took the responsibility for his subordinates on his own shoulders, and resigned.

When the South African War ended during the Liberal Government under Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman with the Treaty of Vereeniging, which by Kitchener's advice conferred self-government on the Boers, Sir Austen Chamberlain was one of the strongest opponents of the generous policy of the Liberal Government; but afterwards, when the Liberal policy had so splendidly justified itself, he was not afraid or reluctant to confess that he had been mistaken.

Moral Courage

He voted against the Government of that day, he said, because he thought what they did was rash and wicked, but he added that "If I could have voted in that division with the knowledge I have today I should have known that great act of faith was not, as I thought it, the destruction of our policy, but its completion and its fulfilment. That is the vote that I would undo if I could undo a vote once given. That great act, that daring act of faith, led directly to the reconciliation of the races in South Africa. It led to the Union of South Africa. It brought South Africa into the war with us."

And again at Locarno, when someone used the expression "ex-enemy countries" when questioning him, Sir Austen said at once with great earnestness in his voice: "I hope we shall never use that term again."

A faithful friend, a generous opponent, his moral courage never failed him, and as a concluding example we may recall that he confessed he had been wrong about Home Rule, as both he and Mr Balfour confessed to having been wrong about South Africa.

THE LEAGUE DOES A KIND THING

The League has done a kind action to Nicaragua as an expression of sympathy for the disaster which destroyed its capital city.

It has remitted the payment of one-half of its contribution toward League expenses and will wait for the other half until Nicaragua feels that she can pay.

DISTURBING FACTOR AT GENEVA

JAPAN AND ITS ARMY

The Fact Behind the Crisis
Over Manchuria

A NATION ONLY HALF MODERN

All good friends of Japan have been disturbed by the attitude of our gallant friends of the Far East at Geneva, where Japan has lately astonished the League by its defiance.

It is well that we should understand how this can happen, largely because, in emerging from barbarism into the position of a modern Great Power, Japan left the control of its army under the old medieval sway. It has become evident that the Japanese Government at Tokyo has not full control over its Generals in Manchuria.

The position held by the Army in Japan is difficult to realise in this country, where the nation, by its Army Annual Bill, keeps a tight hand on its military forces and only grants money for their needs for a year at a time.

A Strong Feudal Element

There is a strong feudal element still existing in Japan which finds expression in a military caste unknown in Europe since Kaiserdom was swept away.

It seems clear that, in spite of the remonstrance of the Foreign Minister, the Japanese Minister for War prepared for strong action in Manchuria, and used the Press of Japan to further his ends.

In retaliation for the blowing-up of a few feet of the South Manchuria Railway not only Mukden but many cities on the main line were occupied in force, their barracks burned, and the Chinese troops disarmed and turned loose.

These soldiers joined the bandits, and the Japanese then declared that the country was unsafe and their own withdrawal impossible.

Turned out of Mukden Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang was ordered by the Chinese Government to establish his administration at Chinchow.

The Army and the Nation

Leaflets were showered on that city stating that the Japanese Army did not recognise Chang's Government and that the Japanese Army would proceed to destroy the city completely.

Fortwith planes arrived and dropped 80 bombs on the city.

There was consternation in Tokyo, and the Premier told his Minister of War that the course pursued was not the policy of the Government.

The War Minister agreed to the despatch of a former War Minister to Manchuria to act as a go-between for the Government and its army, an incident which shows, if nothing else does, the standing of the Army in deciding the policy of Japan.

It is this state of affairs that makes the problem of the League most difficult. It is essential that the Governments whose representatives meet at Geneva should have their armed forces under their entire control.

60 FROGS A DAY

Some schoolchildren in Poland have had the unusual experience of playing nurse to a stork.

The long-legged bird was severely wounded in a fight with another stork. It was distinctly in the right, for it was defending its nest, and some children of Brzeznic, where this fight took place, not liking to see the just suffer, bound up the injured stork and made it a home in a stable.

They found that they had undertaken a lot of work in taking a stork for a lodger, for they had not reckoned on its enormous appetite. It eats 60 frogs a day. Its hosts have been obliged to enlist the services of their schoolmates in the frog-hunt.

A.B. TAKAPUNA

Nine Lives Gone

SAD END OF A WARSHIP'S CAT IN NEW ZEALAND

By Our New Zealand Correspondent

A sad end has befallen A.B. Takapuna, the pet cat of H.M.S. Laburnum, a little cruiser stationed in New Zealand waters.

Poor Able-Seaman Takapuna was discovered with a piece of fishing line projecting from his mouth. He was in great pain, for he had swallowed a baited fish hook, which he had discovered somewhere round the navy yard at the Auckland naval base. He lingered for three weeks, and then the last of his nine lives ended.

Readers of the C.N. may remember the story of A.B. Takapuna which was told in the C.N. in April. It was about the joke the sailors on the warships at Auckland, New Zealand, had when they found that the Laburnum had put to sea without A.B. Takapuna, who was a very popular member of the crew.

The Deserter

However, the cat was discovered on H.M.S. Veronica, which put out to sea a few days later. "Place him under arrest for deserting his ship," was the message sent back from the Laburnum's sailors to their comrades on the Veronica.

A few days later the two cruisers met at sea and A.B. Takapuna was sent aboard his own ship and court-martialled for the serious offence of deserting his ship. But, for all that, he was given a saucer of milk, for the sailors were delighted to have their cat back.

Now the Laburnum's cat is dead, and all because he was foolish enough to go sniffing after baited hooks instead of waiting to be fed by the sailors.

The ship's carpenter made a little coffin, and it was a sad ship's company that buried their favourite pet at sea.

Some of our readers may have wondered why the sailors gave their cat such a funny name. Well, Takapuna is the Maori name for the North Head of Auckland Harbour, where the warships are berthed. And, of course, a cat that went to sea must be an able-seaman, or A.B., as the sailors say.

FAME FORGETS THE TANK

An Inventor Without Honour

It is not in us to feel very much sorrow that the "man who invented the Tank" has passed away in poverty.

If the tank had only passed away with Herr Gobel, its reputed inventor, the world would be better off. If he really did invent this war machine it would be better if neither had been born.

But this weapon of destruction was not really the creation of any one man. Diplock in England designed a sort of caterpillar motor-car to travel over any sort of ground and showed it to the War Office before this century began. Old plans were fished out during the war, and the Tank sprang from them in Whitehall.

Herr Gobel, who had been a showman, was merely one of many who saw the possibilities of Diplock's caterpillar tractors, which were of more than one kind; but it is undeniable that he built one which would climb, and it is asserted that he showed his plans to the German War Ministry during the war. They did not make use of them.

Consequently poor Gobel went down to his grave a disappointed man. Even the German war lords had failed him, and nobody would finance a new ice-breaker for Polar voyages that he designed.

Inventors often fail even when they give great ideas to the world. But those who give destructive ones seem to share the same fate.

The legbone of a large bison, bearing the teethmarks of a hyena, has been unearthed by excavators in East Yorkshire.

GOOD NEWS FOR IRISH BIRDS

WELL DONE, NORTHERN IRELAND

The Best Bird Protection Act
Yet Passed

NATIONAL PARLIAMENT PLEASE FOLLOW

Little birds are proverbially good at spreading news, and the knowledge is sure to get round soon that all birds, little and great, rare and common, are going to be better off in Northern Ireland than anywhere else in the world.

For Northern Ireland has passed what is probably the best Bird Protection Act now in force. It has none of the usual complications that no lawyer can understand, but is so simple that a child can understand it.

This is done quite simply by reversing the principle on which British bird legislation rests.

We say that birds and their eggs are unprotected, and then follow up with the numerous exceptions and regulations.

Northern Ireland says that her birds and their eggs are all protected, and so only the few exceptions have to be listed.

The Exceptions

The rook, jackdaw, Irish jay, house-sparrow, bullfinch, wood-pigeon, sparrow hawk, great and lesser black-headed gull, cormorant, and shag are the unfortunates classed as pests. Other exceptions are the game birds; while blackbirds, chaffinches, and greenfinches can be thinned out by the owner of the land if they are damaging his crops. This means that they are only in danger for a very limited period, and during the rest of the year they and their eggs are safe under the watchful eye of the Government.

So keen is this Government to protect its birds that from now on all taxidermists must keep registers showing the details concerning every bird sent to them, and anyone found in possession of a bird, its skin, nest, or egg, will be presumed to have broken the Act unless he can prove the contrary.

The Scottish Society for the Protection of Wild Birds has sent its congratulations to the Parliament of Northern Ireland, for it is just such a Bill that these bird-lovers hope to get passed by the British Parliament before long.

THE BUTCHER'S BILL

A Deer a Day

In the mellow sunshine of one of the most beautiful Octobers of our time the butchers of the Devon and Somerset Stag-hounds despatched 31 deer, one for every lovely autumn day of the month.

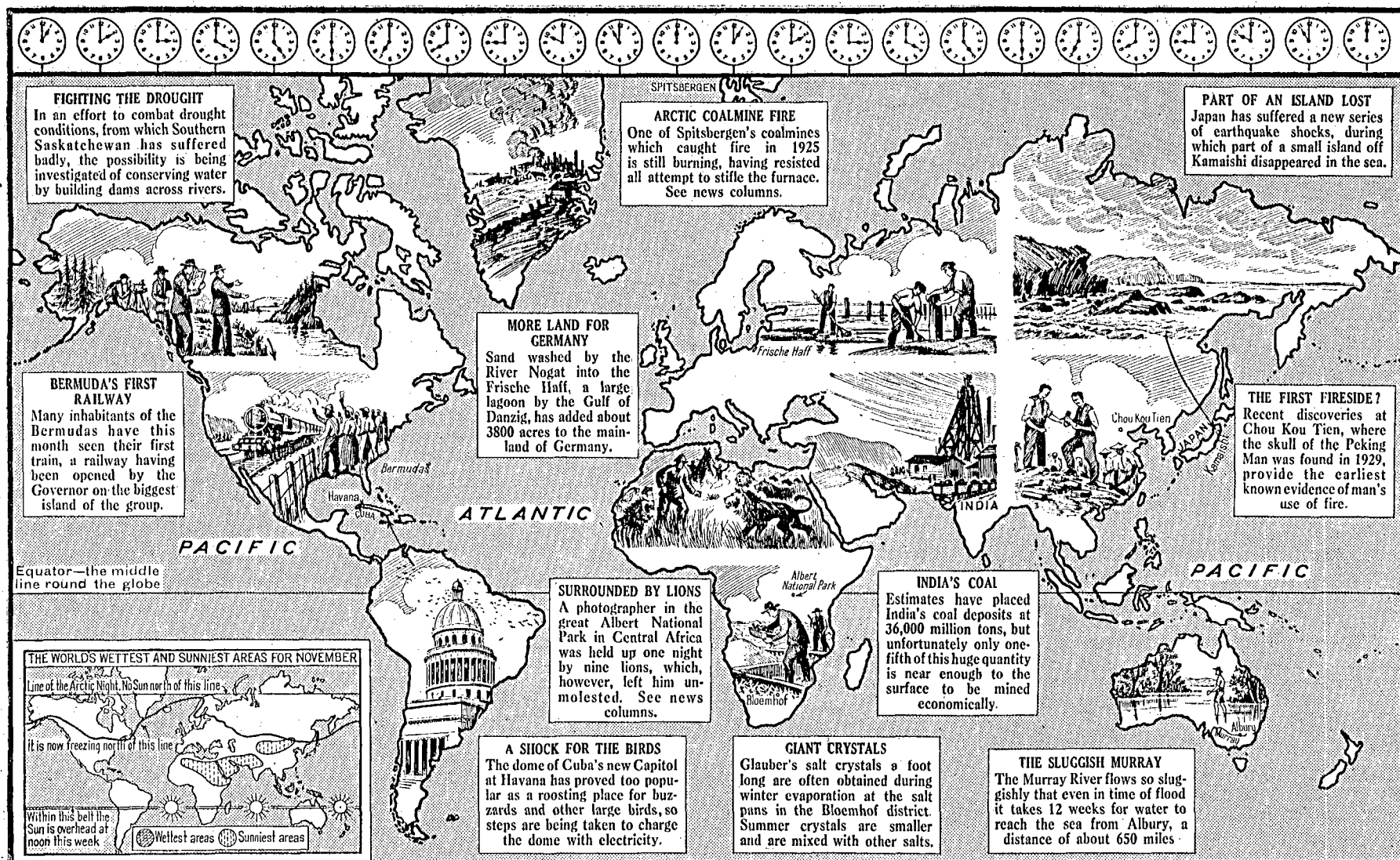
The executioners of the Quantock Stag-hounds and the Tiverton Stag-hounds were not quite so happy. Their book of the dead fell short of this number by seven.

Still there were few sunlit hours of those bright days on Exmoor which were not darkened at their close by the shedding of blood, or when the spectacle of a harmless, terrified beast pursued by ruthless foes could not have been seen.

There was one gallant old stag much applauded by the hunters because he got away from them six times; but they got him at last, running him to a standstill in a deep pool in the River Barle. Even a criminal might have been shown mercy, but there was none for the gallant stag. He was cut down where he stood in the clear waters, so that the butchers could add another item to their bill.

There are said to be signs that deer are not so plentiful on Exmoor as formerly. That is no wonder. For the sake of humanity and decency we wish there were fewer, or none at all.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



A GERMAN ARMY RETURNS TO BELGIUM 600 Who Do Not Forget

There was a strange and hopeful happening at Ypres the other day.

Early in the morning 600 Germans got out of the train and marched to the cathedral. There they took part in a service of remembrance. It was All Souls Day, when the Church gives thanks for the memory of those loved and lost, in peace or in war.

Afterwards the leader of these former enemies made a speech in which he said that they hoped the sacrifice of all will not have been in vain.

This pilgrimage of the 600 was to show that they desire peace. They have known war; they were all soldiers in the Great War. Let the Nazis rattle their sabres as much as they like, these men can never be deceived again. They feel at one with the British soldiers who enlisted because they believed the war was to end war.

SAVE THE WINDMILLS

Mr Hilaire Belloc has been appealing to people to save the old windmills which make such picturesque landmarks.

He admits that they are expensive things: his own at Shipley in Sussex cost him £200 for repairs which followed a storm, but he said that he paid the bill as readily as he would pay for the restoration of a picture.

It is really more important to repair beautiful old buildings than beautiful old pictures in private collections. Every passer-by can enjoy the beauty of a building, and learn from it, while only a few see the picture in the drawing-room.

Let us keep the old windmills standing for the love of England—and of Don Quixote.

One of the pioneer Baptist Missionaries on the Congo 50 years ago, Rev Henry Edmund Cradington, has passed away at Bath.

AARON HARDOUN'S FORTUNE China's Richest Man

Aaron Hardoun, a Chinese citizen, thought to be one of the richest men in the world, has just died.

He has been buried in the park of his estate, which he left to 24 young men he had adopted. To each one of these he has bequeathed a fortune, in the hope that "this money will not prevent you from working; I leave it to you simply to assist you in your work." To each of his two sons he left £800,000, saying: "When I set out in life I had nothing, even to buy a piece of bread. Do not end where I began; that is my wish for you."

He left £16,000 for the translation of the Bible and the Koran into Chinese.

UNEMPLOYMENT IN FRANCE

The problem of unemployment in France seems to be increasing.

The recent increase, however, has led the French Government to plan great public works to prevent distress, and £24,000,000 has been devoted to the purpose. The work to be done includes the construction of roads, harbours, schools, and hospitals, and aid is also to be given to agriculture.

The latest figures show a fall of ten per cent in the number employed in industry as compared with last autumn.

THE TRADE UNIONS

There have been striking fluctuations in the progress of trade unions before, during, and since the war.

In 1910 there were 1269 British trade unions with a membership of just over 2,600,000. During the war, despite the call of men to the colours, membership increased, reaching 6,500,000 in 1918.

Two years later membership had increased to nearly 8,500,000. Since then there has been a great decline. Last year the number of trade unions was 1098 and the membership 4,800,000.

TRAVELLED TORTOISE Three Years at Sea

Perseus is an African tiger tortoise measuring seven by ten inches on his under-side.

After voyaging for 70,000 miles during the past three years as a pet on the British steamer Tongariro he has been presented to the Auckland Zoo.

Three years ago, when the ship was at Port Said, the third engineer bought Perseus from an Arab for 3s 6d. Perseus became a favourite on board and was allowed to roam all over the ship. He was bought and sold several times, and when the ship reached Auckland he was owned by the fifth engineer, who decided that a tortoise was too much trouble to look after.

Perseus lived mostly on fruit, and had a special liking for bananas and tomatoes. Now Perseus, after voyaging three times round the world, has a permanent home.

THE LONG CLIMB BACK TO PEACE

That other very wise C.N., Dr Cyril Norwood, headmaster of Harrow, has been once more reminding us of the things that matter more than all. This is from one of his recent speeches.

At home we had followed material values since the war and only concerned ourselves in the division of the national dividend.

We had been sundered in the conflict of class and forgotten such primary laws as that we could not spend more than we could produce and that our neighbour existed to be helped and not to be plundered, and so we had come to the verge of national bankruptcy and had before us a long, long, and difficult climb to bring us again to peace.

If we continued to walk in the path disaster was inevitable. A new heart must be created in the ordinary man, not only here but in Europe and in America, but it could only be brought about by Christian education replacing our blind obsession with material things.

WHAT COLUMBUS LEFT BEHIND His Sign on the New Lighthouse

We have already announced the achievement of the young Nottingham architect whose design for the Columbus lighthouse on Santo Domingo has been chosen out of 450 drawings sent from all over the world.

But Mr J. L. Gleave not only set himself to design a fine lighthouse. He wished to create something that would bring to the minds of all navigators that great man of their company.

With this in view he very carefully studied the journal kept by Columbus himself, and there he read that Christopher and his companions "made it a practice in all those countries and islands, on going ashore, to set up and leave there a cross."

And so Christopher, good fellow that he was, is to be commemorated for ever by a beacon towering toward the heavens in the form of a cross, lighting men and ships, by sea and air, to their desired haven.

A STRONG RIGHT HAND In the Right Place

We often talk of a strong right hand. The other day a man found one worthy of the name.

Thomas Clements was working on a ladder 40 feet above a stone path at Bournemouth when the ladder broke. Down he fell, but Albert Hibberd, who was working below, caught him with one hand in his descent.

Clements weighs 13 stone, but Hibberd held him for two minutes. Then he was able to swing him toward a privet bush below, and drop him safely into its twigs.

It would be a privilege to shake Mr Hibberd's hand

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

NOVEMBER 21 1931

The Inner Room

EVERY one of us has a room of his own. It is the room in which dwell thoughts and desires, memories and hopes. We call it sometimes the Mind, or the Spirit, or the Inner Life. But whatever name we give to it we all have this room of our own.

What are we going to do with it? What kind of thoughts are we going to think? What memories are we to keep fresh? What are we to make of this room into which we come when we are utterly alone?

We need not leave the door ajar for any thoughts to enter, and when they have entered we need not let them stay. There was a wise man named Paul who told his friends what they must collect for this room. We are all collectors of something or other, stamps, or butterflies, or autographs, or Chinese porcelain, or Japanese pictures. We know the pleasure collecting brings. Paul said that we were to collect all things that are true and pure and lovely and honest—a long list he made, and at the end he simply said *Think on these things*. He meant that, as we go on our way, if we see something lovely and true we are to say "I am going to keep that for my Inner Room."

Being a wise man Paul knew that it is no use keeping this room empty; no good putting up a notice saying *No admission to untrue and unlovely things!*

It may be possible to keep a room in a house empty and clean; but this room of thought is certain to have some things in it. It will not be empty long. If it is not occupied by good things the bad things will creep into it.

If we keep our minds busy with the true things we shall be protected from the false. If we are always saying to ourselves "We must keep this and that thought out" it will happen to us as it happens to the man learning to ride a bicycle. If he says he will not run into that post, and if he looks carefully at the thing he wants to avoid, he is sure to run into it. He had better look at the way he should go rather than at the way he would avoid. The secret of safety for our Inner Room is to collect all kinds of lovely things which will come at our bidding.

It does matter what we think. The Inner Room is the powerhouse of our life. The engines are there. A quiet place, but very often the power-room is the quietest place of all.

Let us be keen collectors for our Inner Room, collectors of pictures, books, music, thoughts, ideas, feelings, everything that is lovely and honest and true, and we shall have a little world in our mind. *The Kingdom of Heaven will be within us.*



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Why He Failed

THERE is much to be learned from a story told by Sir Arthur Duckham at the centenary dinner of Blackheath Proprietary School.

He had sent an old public school boy into a department, and after a fortnight had asked for a report from the head of the department, who said: "He is a good boy, but he seems to think it is not good form to be interested in anything."

Our boy was just 200 years out-of-date. On an 18th-century tombstone the other day we saw it proudly recorded that "she was pious without enthusiasm." In those days enthusiasm was looked upon as crankiness or humbug.

Thanks be to whatever power ordains it so, we are wiser now, and we know that nothing can be achieved without enthusiasm.

These Little Ones and the Animals

A PATHETIC appeal has been brought to our notice. It is from a well-known hunting master, asking that the children in the neighbourhood of his happy hunting ground should give themselves a new game.

How nice it would be for them to look round for awkward bits of wire fencing on the farms, and to ask the farmer to remove them for the sake of the Hunt! A farmer, we read, will so readily do a nice little thing for a child!

The joy of killing things has been supported by strange arguments, but we wonder if ever before such a depth has been reached as in this appeal to children to smooth the way for the butchers.

It were better that a millstone . . .

Dustbins

WE may lead the world, but we have still a great deal to learn about dustbins.

The householder provides himself with a more or less efficient dustbin, and the local authority sends its well-paid servants round to empty it into the municipal dustcart. There is no standard pattern for dustbins, and ironmongers sell them in all sorts of sizes and qualities—good, bad, and indifferent. Many are anything but helpful to the dust collectors, and when they are emptied dust and refuse are loosed on the wind and alight on the passer-by.

In Vienna the dustbin is a standard size and has a sliding lid, and the municipal dustcart has corresponding openings and sliding lids. The bin being supplied with a hook, the dustman lifts it and places it along the opening in the cart, and the contents are transferred without any spilling. Surely this excellent idea is worth the attention of our own authorities.

A Word From Cromwell

ALL the world knows Cromwell's famous piece of advice:

Trust in God, and keep your powder dry.

Less well known, but equally inspiring in times like these, is another of his sayings:

It is good to strike when the iron is hot, but it is better to make the iron hot by striking.

Tip-Cat

EVERY girl should have a pretty elbow, says a fashion writer. But not make a point of it.

A SPLENDID road runs from Scotland to London. So do many Scotsmen.

A LONDON hotel invites its diners to write their complaints on the menu. A strange course!

A NEW YORK publisher announces that some of his books are to be scented.

Surely it would be better to concentrate on taste.

SPECTACLES sometimes improve a man's appearance. He looks better.

GREAT interest has

been aroused by London's first underground street. One good thing—it will never be taken up.

A CENTENARIAN recalls how he used to get a light with flint and steel. If we had to do it now people would strike.

WE English do not know what good singing is, says a critic. But we know what it isn't.

A WELL-KNOWN author says the sea comes into all his books. Rather damping.

THINGS will look up by Christmas, says an optimist. He evidently expects to have a high time.

AN American says he enjoys a London fog. We can't see anything in it.

THERE is no air on the Moon, our scientist says. But our office baritone can remember at least 384.

WE like the appointment of Mr Pybus as Minister of Transport.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

WHITE walking-sticks have been given to 50 blind persons by Southend Rotary Club.

Toc H has put wireless at 1200 beds in Johannesburg Hospital.

JUST AN IDEA

He who knows not how to become a son of God will always remain in the stable with the cattle.

The Old Windmill Speaks

There is an old windmill at Outwood, in Surrey, which has been in rather a bad way. It is supposed to have the oldest pedigree of any windmill in England, and it is said that people watched the Great Fire from its height. The Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings has recently fitted it with new sails.

IN sixteen hundred and sixty-six, When London was burning like rotten sticks,

To tell the news to the neighbouring farms,
I, Outwood Windmill, swung wide my arms.

AFAR and afar I could see the blaze;

Those were the quarrelling Stuart days,
When some built altars and some sang psalms;
But my work in the world was to swing my arms.

THE wind blew high on this Surrey down

And fanned the fire in the crumbling town.

Folk cried "It will burn till the great wind calms"
(And wildly, and wildly I turned my arms).

How the timber crashed! There were terrible falls.

London Bridge went and the great St Paul's;

The folk gathered round me, were filled with alarms,
But I stuck to my post, and I swung my arms.

I'm not quite the mill that I once used to be

When I swung my arms for the world to see,

For those were the days of my youth, you must know,
Two hundred and sixty-five years ago.

By the Silent Pool

By the Look-About Lady

BUT you are allowing yourself to become a pessimist, said a friend as I told her that my brother, just back from U.S.A., reported that a loud-speaker was invented whose volume of sound carried for 25 miles.

I had added that it would be horrible if the air in England became charged with different broadcast melodies sent from afar off.

At that very moment we were standing by the Silent Pool, one of the quietest beauty spots in Surrey. A voice remarked out of the brushwood that a deep depression was advancing over the Atlantic. We looked at one another, then to find the owner of the portable wireless. It continued to brawl from its hidden eyrie. Pessimistic, with the quiet evening hush thus rudely disturbed? We wonder; and quake a little.

Little By Little

Little by little the world grows strong,
Fighting the battles of right and wrong;

Little by little the wrong gives way;
Little by little the right has sway;
Little by little all longing souls
Struggle up near the shining goals.

November 21, 1931

The Children's Newspaper

7

SMILING LAND OF SPRING

AUSTRALIA'S DAWNING SUMMER

A Thousand Miles of Flowers That Nature Planted

MARVELLOUS SIGHT ACROSS THE WORLD

*Oh land of ours, hear the Song we make for you,
Land of yellow wattle, land of smiling Spring,
Hearken to the afterwards, land of pleasant memories,
Shea oaks of shady creeks, hear the song we sing.*

These lines were written by one who was exiled from the dear dun plains of New South Wales, where he was bred with his fellow-Australians, when he came with them to help the Motherland in her troubles.

Tommy Cornstalk he signed himself, and he has passed far beyond the dear dun plains of his birth and will never more see them bloom in Spring.

Awakening to Life and Beauty

A traveller who passes over them in the Australian summer finds himself wondering how their barrenness can ever support the thousands of sheep which graze over them, but if he were to go that way in Spring his wonder would be of as different a complexion as the plains themselves assume.

There has been a long drought in Australia which has brought unmeasurable distress to farmers, more especially where South Australia merges into the arid lands, but even to the better watered State of New South Wales. The drought broke this year, and the parched land awoke to life and beauty in flower.

The transformation was most heart-stirring on the western plains of New South Wales. North of Sydney the Blue Mountains bloom in the everlasting verdure of the shining-leaved gum trees. South are the snowy heights of Kosciusko and its range of sister mountains, but westward, look, the land is bright with wild flowers sprung as it seems at some magical call into life.

Garden Laid Out By Nature

Through this Golden West a car can travel a thousand miles through a garden Nature has laid out and cultivated, Nature alone. We know the miracle of our own English Spring; the daisies and buttercups of the pastures, the bluebells of the woodlands, the primroses of hedge and copse never cease to thrill us. This New South Wales burst of bloom is like an English Spring, not transported, but translated into Australian wild flowers.

They are not the same as ours. In Western Australia they are very different, and the wild flowers there have an aspect almost as strange as beautiful. New South Wales is not so unexpected in her effects. The carpet of flowers has something familiar in its pattern. Its ornaments are old friends, growing differently or in greater profusion, but still never strangers.

Profusion of Golden Wattle

There is, for example, the golden wattle, which we know as the mimosa. In New South Wales, and in the other Australian States too, it grows with reckless profusion. There is more than one kind, but all are alike in scenting the air. Everywhere the tiny balls of feathery gold hang in masses as thick as those of our English may. It is Australia's flower, far more plentiful than our ravishing wild rose which blows by the wayside.

There's another golden bloom. Imagine a garden as big as England planted in beds of the golden pea flowers,

A SERMON LONG AGO

SHE remembered sitting on Wordsworth's knee and reciting one of his poems to him.

She remembered standing tiptoe to watch the Duke of Wellington's funeral procession pass by in sable splendour.

And now, at 95, Lucy Elizabeth O'Rourke has left us, and one more silver link with the past is snapped.

She was a lady of the old school, with a shining faith in the Bible and in the kind of politics that seek to make life nobler and safer for mankind. Only two days before her death she was impressing on her family the duty of using their votes.

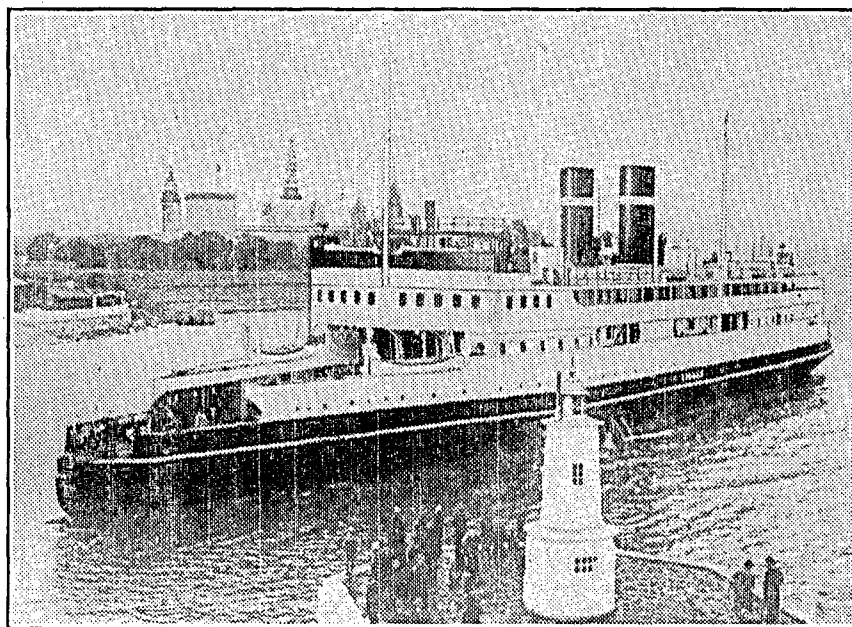
One great memory warmed her heart; it was something better to look back upon even than that moment when she

sat so happily on Wordsworth's knee. When the little girl grew up she married Henry O'Rourke, a clergyman in Norfolk. Times were very hard, and the men of the village struck for higher wages, but the masters would not give in. Sunday came, and the pastor of that little flock preached a sermon never to be forgotten by his hearers. He showed the masters that they were wrong; showed them with the gentle persuasiveness of a St John, rather than with the irritating denunciations of an agitator. The sermon ended the strike.

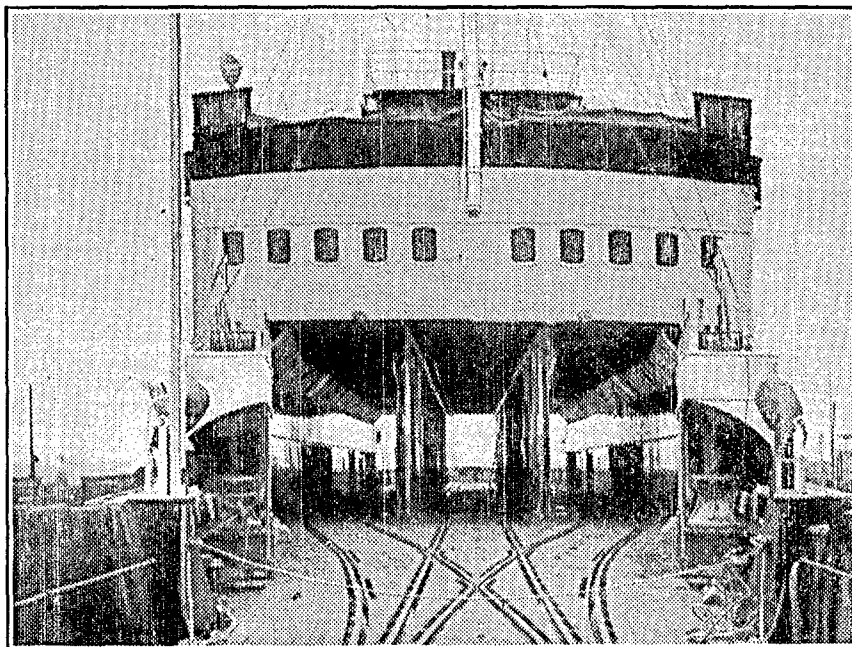
The good parson died before his wife, leaving her only proud memories.

Perhaps it is sad to think that a sermon could hardly end a strike today, whichever side was in the wrong.

HOW TRAINS GO TO SEA



The train ferry arrives



The three railway tracks on the ship

The new train ferry which sails between the Danish islands of Funen and Zealand is the largest ship of its kind in the world. It carries a train of ten sleeping-cars and has accommodation for 1500 passengers and 600 tons of cargo. See next column.

Continued from the previous column

which trickle from the plains into every gully and slope. But these are only one hue in the rainbow that has fallen to the ground in this southern land.

There are the yellow clematis and the lovely pink star-like Queensland rose, which is not really a rose but a baronia with the sweetest smell. There is the blending of the blueflower of the crowfoot, the red poppy, and the white everlasting, Britain's colours.

Areas by the square mile are covered with white and mauve daisies with purple patches of the Darling pea. In the earliest Spring the ground is snow-white with flowers which yield place to

myriads of the yellow flowers known as bachelor's buttons.

As Spring melts into Summer in November the eucalyptus fills the Bush with the sweet scent of its creamy masses of flowers, the Waratah raises its stately head crowned with great crimson flowers, the Christmas bells which hang, not as our Canterbury bells in azure or white, but in bold orange or bright red, will take the place of the earlier messengers of Mother Earth.

As these lines are written the flannel flower, like a white sunflower, and the Christmas bush are doing what they can to make the plains look like Christmas at Home.

TRAINS ACROSS THE SEA

A NEW FERRY FROM ENGLAND TO EUROPE

A Peace Development of the Great War Idea at Richborough

DENMARK'S HUGE NEW FERRY SHIP

Harwich, the little Essex town which witnessed the comings and goings of our Dutch King William and the German Georges when they visited their native lands, is to have one more link with Europe. In a few weeks time one of the train-ferry boats which today plies between Harwich and Zeebrugge will make a journey three times a week to Calais.

It was nearly sixty years ago that men first began to talk of the advantages of sending loaded trucks and luggage vans on the deck of a ship across the sea from railway line to railway line, at an immense saving of both time and labour. Nothing, however, came of this idea until the war, when whole trains were shipped across the English Channel from Richborough and run from the deck on to the French railway at Dunkirk.

At the end of the war these two places were considered ill-situated for commercial transport, so that Richborough's great war-port today lies derelict beside the ruins of the port the Romans established on the Stour seventeen centuries ago. Two ruined Richboroughs stand side by side.

The Harwich-Zeebrugge Ferry

In the spring of 1924, however, a train ferry was established between Harwich and the Bruges Canal, where it is linked with the sea through locks at Zeebrugge. From that port trucks laden with the merchandise of our island were despatched all over Europe, to return with foreign produce for our markets in England, two unloadings of goods being saved on each journey.

The Bruges Canal was chosen for the disembarkation of the trains to avoid the difficulty that would arise from the rise and fall of tidal water.

This train ferry has proved so successful that new steamers are being built to carry trains from Harwich to Calais, and until these are ready one steamer is to be diverted to this new route.

A Splendid Scheme

Other countries have been watching this splendid scheme, and Denmark has adopted it to link her islands more closely to her mainland; and, further, she has made it available for passenger coaches as well as for trucks and vans.

The largest ferry ship in the world has just started work between the Danish islands of Funen and Zealand.

This ferry, which will carry a train of ten sleeping-cars, 1500 passengers, and 600 tons of cargo, travels faster than any of the other Danish ferries in spite of its weight.

It has a special strongly-built hull for breaking-up ice in severe weather. At Nyborg the sleeping-cars are run on to the three sets of rails on the main deck so silently that travellers often sleep through it undisturbed.

Soon the journey from England to Copenhagen will be still quicker, for the work of bridging the Little Belt between Jutland and Funen has already begun.

Pictures on this page

PRIVATE USE OF TELEGRAPH POSTS

We continue to receive examples of telegraph posts used for advertising purposes; the latest case to which our attention is called is on the Canterbury Road outside Faversham.

THE ZOO RECEIVES AN S.O.S.

A BANANA SURPRISE
The Snake That Was Only a
Harmless Mouse
SOME RARE NEW EXHIBITS

By Our Zoo Correspondent

Although this is not the time of the year when the Zoo usually increases its stock a number of new creatures have been added to the collection from various sources.

A Grévy's zebra has presented the menagerie with a quaint, long-legged foal, which is a particularly welcome addition to the nursery because she is a baby mare.

During the last few years three other zebras have been born in the Gardens, but each time the foal was a male, and as the Zoo is short of female zebras this was rather disappointing. Now at last the Grévy's zebras have a daughter, of which a picture appeared in the C.N. last week.

A Pretty Little Rodent

Another arrival came unexpectedly from a London market. The Zoo received an urgent S.O.S. asking that someone should go to capture an animal lying among some bananas when a crate was opened. Accordingly a keeper was sent, and as such creatures as scorpions and venomous snakes often travel to this country in crates of fruit he went prepared for a dangerous captive. But the stowaway was only a tiny harmless creature—a South American night-mouse.

This pretty little rodent was in an unhappy condition owing to cold, but as soon as he was housed in the menagerie he recovered rapidly.

Other additions come from New Guinea and Java, and include three rare kangaroos, some bower birds, and many beautiful birds of paradise, which have never before been represented in the Gardens.

The kangaroos belong to a species of tree kangaroo never before seen in any European menagerie.

The Baby in the Pouch

The greater part of these animals' fur is a rich golden brown, and on the under-side it is of a golden-yellow, while their noses, hands, and feet are naked, and therefore ordinary flesh-pink.

They are striking exhibits; one of the females is carrying a baby in her pouch.

The birds of paradise are all in full plumage, and the most exquisite of them appear to be clad in black velvet, with green waistcoats and an orange collar which looks like a flame when displayed.

The bower birds are not new to the Zoo's collection, nor is their plumage remarkable, but they have interesting habits. In the courting season they construct bowers of arched twigs, which they decorate with bright flowers, pebbles, and bits of rag.

100,000 BIRDS

Now that it has all been reckoned up it is calculated that the lives of 100,000 swallows were saved by the Austrian Society for the Protection of Animals which transported them over the Alps by train and plane.

The society sent two aeroplanes with 50,000 birds over the Alps to Venice and 20,000 in a French machine to Constantinople. The rest were carried there by train and motor-car.

Only twelve of the birds died on the journeys and the others quickly flew off to Tunis, Egypt, and Asia Minor as soon as they were free.

The Post Office campaign against wireless pirates yielded £125,000 in four weeks.

In raising the road in front of Thames House so as to prevent flooding 20,000 tons of material have been used.

JESUS LOOKS DOWN ON A CITY

Colossal Figure at Rio
de Janeiro

LIGHT TURNED ON FROM ROME

An event has just taken place at Rio de Janeiro which should give strength to the forces working for peace and concord in the great continent of South America.

In the presence of 50 bishops and hundreds of clergy from all States, together with the President of Brazil, his ministers, and a vast crowd of people, a statue of Jesus has been solemnly unveiled.

Standing nearly 100 feet high, with outstretched arms, the colossal figure dominates the summit of Corcovado, a precipitous mountain 2400 feet high from which can be seen one of the most beautiful views in the world, the town and harbour of Rio de Janeiro, with the Sugar Loaf Hill and its companion headland on guard at Rio's Atlantic gate.

The dedication was the supreme moment in the celebration of Brazil's festivities, but a great hush must have spread through the onlookers at eventide when the figure sprang into light at the touch of Marconi's hand in Rome.

That great magician, as we have already explained in the C.N., sent over the Atlantic a wireless wave which by relays switched on the current to flood-light the statue on the mountain-top.

A WALK ACROSS AN ICE CAP

400-Mile Journey of Two
Englishmen

A wonderful journey of 400 miles across Greenland, briefly reported on the C.N. Map last week, has been accomplished by Mr J. Rymill and Mr W. E. Hampton, two members of the British Expedition which has been examining the possibilities of an air route round this part of the world.

Nansen was the first explorer to cross the great ice cap covering the interior of this great island, and on his journey he found that the Divide attained a height of 10,000 feet above sea-level.

The new route, however, was 100 miles longer and about 200 miles nearer the North Pole, practically following the line on the atlas named the Arctic Circle.

This journey across an enormous ice-sheet, broken only by a few protruding mountains, will rank as one of the great adventures of the world, and their arrival at the South Ström Fiord, where they left their sledges to complete their journey by kayak to Holstenborg must have thrilled the two Englishmen as deeply as the sight of the sea thrilled Xenophon's Greeks of old.

THE PEACE BOARD

Scores For October

The United States took part in the work of the League Council for restoring peace in Manchuria.

Dr Brüning's Government, which stands for international cooperation, stayed in power in Germany.

M. Laval, the French Premier, visited Washington and Signor Grandi, Foreign Minister of Italy, accepted an invitation to do the same.

China stated its willingness to enter into a treaty of arbitration with Japan.

A Conference of Balkan Nations took place which passed a resolution to outlaw war and to settle all disputes between them by peaceful means.

Nearly 40 States sent to the League replies accepting the Armaments Truce.

THE CARRIERS OF THE HIMALAYAS

Sheep Save an Explorer's
Party

A traveller who has spent much time on the northern slopes of the Himalayas tells us of a familiar sight there.

He saw a flock of sturdy sheep, laden with stores and equipment, struggling through the barren valleys and over the wind-swept passes on the western borders of Chinese Turkestan and Tibet, thereby saving a European expedition from complete failure. Sufficient yaks were unobtainable, and those which set out died of disease.

The explorer who adopted this means of transport thought it an original idea, not knowing that sheep have always been used for transport on some routes on these northern slopes, where travellers often see sheep and goats with small flat sacks containing wheat, rice, sugar, or tobacco, hung over their backs. The burden is kept in position by one string across the chest and another under the tail; but the little creatures step out briskly, seeming in no way overburdened, many with their lambs scampering beside them. Some goats may be seen climbing the rocks, and twisting their loads all awry in their efforts to reach the shrubs they love.

The shepherds and their belongings travel by easy stages, camping and grazing as they pass up the pleasant Kullu valley in the north of the Punjab, on their way to Lahoul on the Tibetan frontier. There they spend July and August, and early in September they return in the same way, bringing borax and merchandise from Central Asia.

A VERY OLD ELECTION STORY

A Tie 50 Years Ago

Fifty years ago there was great excitement at a breakfast table. Mr Edward Ridley and Mrs Ridley were talking about the tie at the by-election in South Northumberland in 1878.

Mr Ridley's opponent was Mr Albert Grey. Mr Grey became Earl Grey, who died some years ago. Mr Ridley became a judge.

Now, after all these years, Mrs Grey, who still lives in Brompton Square, writes to the papers about it to make a correction. A very interesting correction it is.

Both members, she recalls, went up to Westminster, and, each supported by a member on either side, walked six abreast up to the table and took the oath. Both filed a petition for a scrutiny of the votes, and both sat in the House without voting till the result was known.

Mr Ridley was the winner.

A GOOD STEP FORWARD

The League in a New
Constitution

The C.N. hails with delight what must be the first occasion on which the name of the League of Nations has been put into the written Constitution of a country.

Among the clauses setting out the powers and duties of the President of the Republic of Spain is this important limitation of his power.

He may not decree the withdrawal of Spain from the League of Nations without the consent of the Parliament.

Other nations in the world base their Government on a Written Constitution; we should like them all to be revised so as to contain a recognition of the League and their national attitude toward it.

Wembley schoolchildren have collected 9000 eggs for the local hospital.

Fifty clerks were occupied for twelve hours counting coins given to Birmingham hospitals.

ANOTHER HERO GOES MOURNED BY MANY SIMPLE FOLK

Write Him as One Who Loved
His Fellow Men

HENRY GOLDEY WAY

A brave man whose death will be mourned by many simple folk in this country and Russia has just passed away at the age of 56.

His name was Henry Goldey, and he was one of those who, like Abou Ben Adhem, loved his fellow men. He was a Quaker, but when Conscription was brought in during the war he was arrested, and the authorities tried to turn this peace-lover into a soldier. Most of the Quakers sent into barracks were not actually ill-treated, but Henry Goldey was an exception. He was kicked about by drunken soldiers, his ribs were broken and his lungs injured; but he declined to identify the men drawn up before him.

After his release Goldey postponed his marriage in order that he might go out with the Friends War Victims Relief Committee to help to fight the famine in Russia, where the British and American Quakers did such splendid work for women and children. He spent a winter in an old mansion with damaged windows and doors, helping to keep alive in the bitter cold a houseful of ailing children who had little more than sacking to cover them. Food, too, was hard to get.

A Beautiful Story

On his return to England he was in a clothing business in Birmingham, but he did not allow it to absorb all his energy. A beautiful story is told of how he helped a drunkard to regain his manhood. He found the man and his wife fighting in the street, and managed to get them apart. The man declared it was impossible for him to keep sober, but Goldey believed he could help him. For 18 months he used to go with him to and from work every day, shepherding him past the public-houses.

Then he tried to get him a house in Bournville, the happy and prosperous town where there are no public-houses.

"Bournville isn't for the likes of me," declared the man, but Goldey suggested that he might try, and in a pleasant little house in Bournville this man is now living with his happy wife and family.

Three years ago Henry Goldey moved to Wisbech to carry on his business; but the injury he had received in barracks had caused a serious illness, and he became a helpless invalid, nursed day and night by his wife.

"He never uttered a word of reproach or complaint, and never talked of his illness," says a friend of his.

He is a noble memory for all who knew him, a loss to his country and the brotherhood of men.

THE WORLD GROWS SMALL

Australia and South Africa have been brought nearer to England.

Mr C. A. Butler, flying alone in a Comper Swift, a tiny monoplane with a wing span of only 24 feet, has flown from England to Darwin in Australia in nine days, two hours, and 29 minutes, beating the previous record by nearly an hour and three-quarters.

Flying to the Cape from England only two or three years ago was rather like an adventure into the unknown; today it is almost a simple affair.

Down the whole length of Africa there is now a line of aerodromes either in regular use or in course of construction.

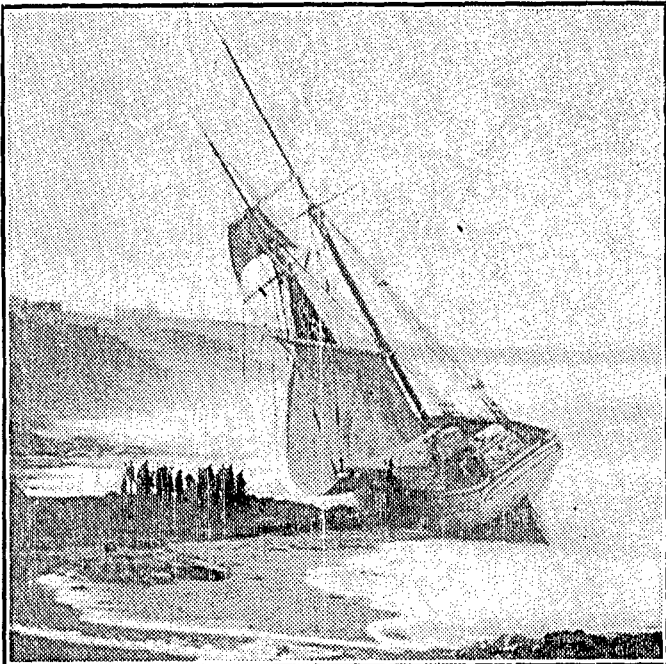
Mr Gordon Store and Miss Peggy Salaman have now made the 7000-mile journey from England to Cape Town in the record time of five days, eight hours, and 37 minutes, a wonderful feat of skill and endurance.

November 21, 1931

The Children's Newspaper

9

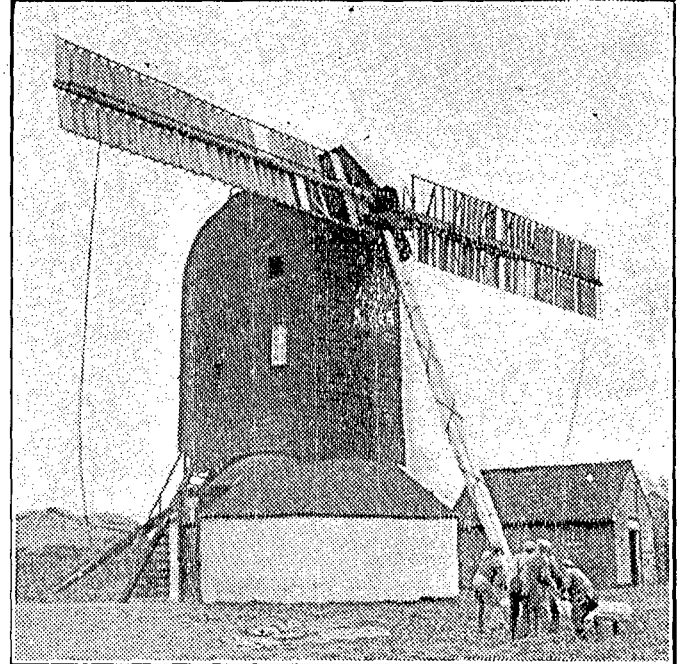
OLD LONDON BRIDGE • GULLS COME TO TOWN • WHIPSNADE BEARS



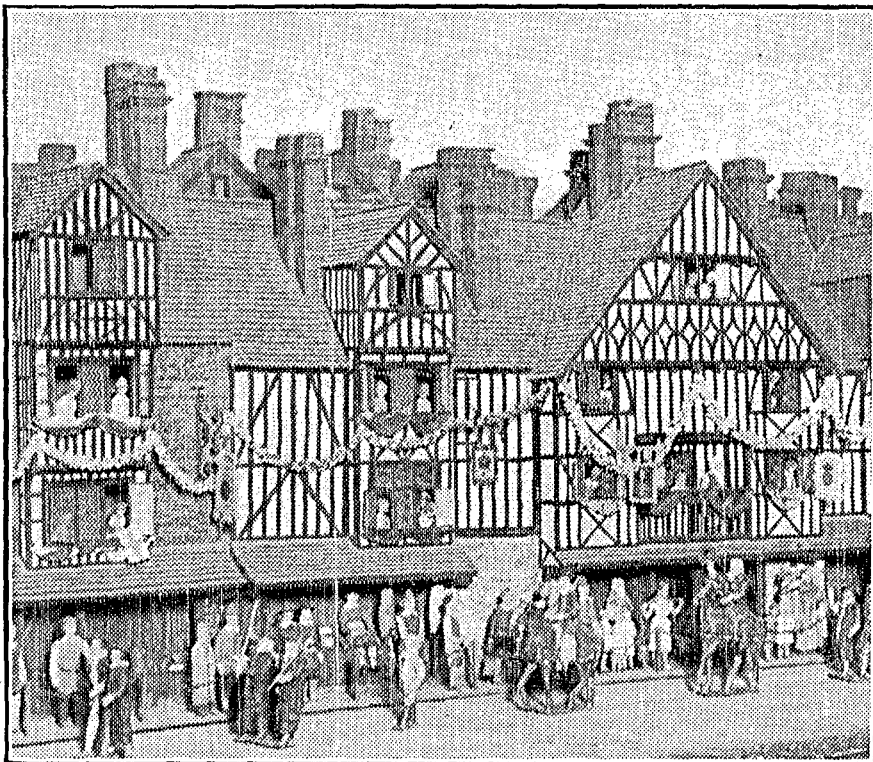
The Shipwreck—The wreck of the French schooner St Anne, driven ashore by the gale at Porthleven in Cornwall, made a dramatic subject for the photographer, with something of the quality of an old painting. The crew were rescued with the breeches' buoy.



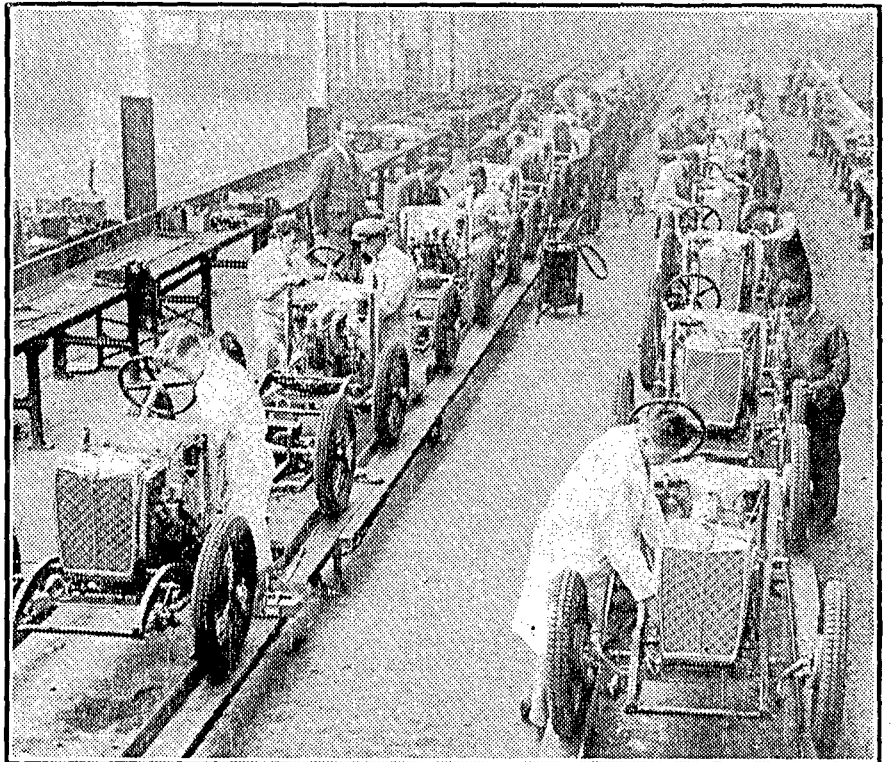
Winter Visitors—An early sign of winter in London is the arrival of gulls, which become quite bold when begging for scraps of food in the parks.



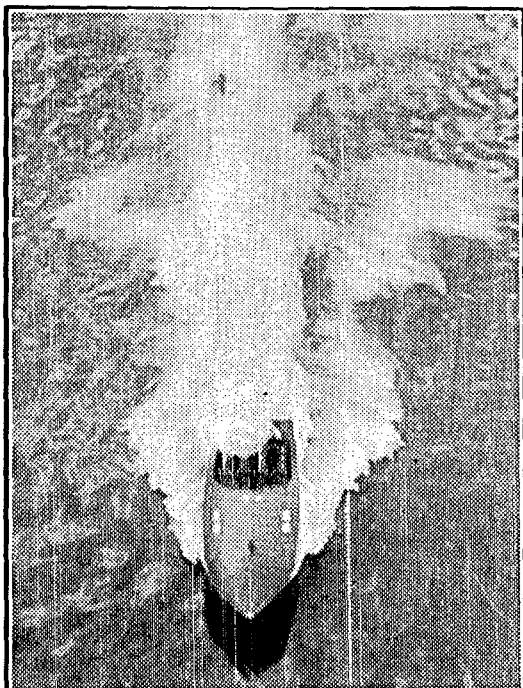
Ancient Windmill—On page 5 we refer to Mr Hilaire Belloc's appeal for the preservation of England's windmills. Here is the famous old mill at Outwood, near Redhill, built in 1665, which is being fitted with a new pair of sails. It is the subject of a poem on page 6.



Old London Bridge—The centenary of London Bridge has been celebrated by an exhibition at Regis House in King William Street. Here is part of one of the models, which shows the Lord Mayor's Show passing over Old London Bridge in 1660.



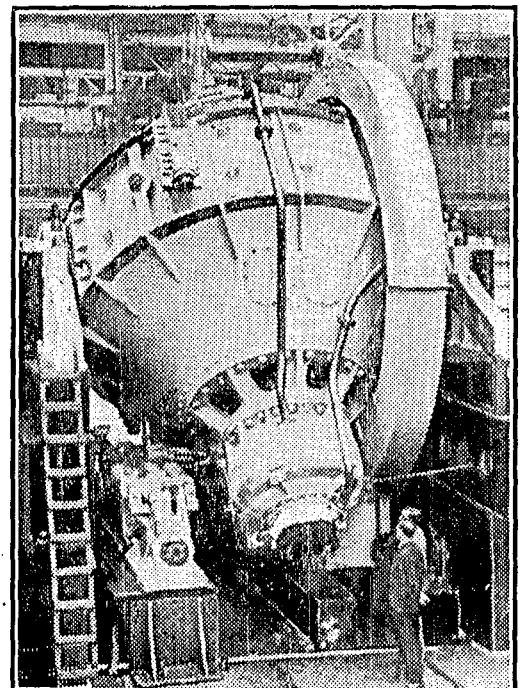
Mass Production—One of the brightest features of England's trade is the flourishing condition of the motor industry. Here is a busy scene in a factory at Abingdon-on-Thames, where small cars of a popular make are being produced in large numbers.



The Speed Boat—This picture of a motor-boat travelling at 102 miles an hour was taken from a bridge over the Harlem River, New York, when an attempt was being made to beat the record.



The Two Bears—In this amusing snapshot from Whipsnade Zoo it is not clear whether the bears are having a heated argument or whether they are sharing a good joke. Peter Puck believes it is a joke.



For Comfort at Sea—Here is a stabiliser which has been made in England and is to be fitted in the new Italian liner Conte di Savoia. This great gyroscope helps to reduce the rolling of the vessel in rough seas.

AN ADVENTURE LONG AGO

A FAMILY THAT MAY HAVE BEEN AFRAID

The Days When the Romans
Left the Britons Unprotected

POOR LITTLE DARK PEOPLE

An old adventure has been brought to light in Surrey.

Workmen were making a cutting for the Godalming bypass road on high ground over the River Wey, about a quarter of a mile above Eashing bridge, when they found six human skeletons. Near the head of one was a Roman hairpin.

Members of the Surrey Archaeological Society have examined the remains and say they were not buried in times of peace, for with them were no weapons, ornaments, or pottery such as our forefathers laid in the graves of their friends. It seems as if they were killed and buried hurriedly.

This, thinks Mr S. E. Winbolt, may be their story.

Into the Enemy Camp

They were Romanised Britons, short dark folk, who might have lived happily if they could only have been born a little earlier. But the strong shield of Rome was withdrawn, and fierce invaders were raiding and conquering Britain.

This little family probably took fright, and decided to leave their home in the Weald and go to the south-west. Behind the Wansdyke, the great defensive earthwork stretching from just east of Savernake almost to the Bristol Channel, they would be safer from the Saxons. There they would be among other Britons. There, if they could only reach it, was peace and safety.

So they packed up their possessions and set off, hoping to gain the east-west route along the Hog's Back at Seale or Farnham. They were going to ford the Wey at the place where men have crossed for centuries, when out of the woods burst the Saxons. Those invaders had come up the river and founded a settlement at Eashing. The luckless Britons had blundered straight into the people from whom they fled.

The Tell-Tale Clue

It was all over in a minute. The Britons were killed, and their possessions shared among the conquerors. Nothing was left to the dead except one hairpin, and on that solitary clue our tale is founded.

Some days later the Saxons came back and buried their victims, just as they happened to lie, the woman on her face. That, they thought, was the end of it.

But murder will out even after 15 centuries, and the fate of those six people is revealed to us, though their kinsmen probably did not know it.

Here the Saxons conquered. But they did not conquer everywhere. Many of the little dark people escaped. You come upon clans of them today in country places.

The poor bones of Eashing tell us of an adventure that ended in tragedy, but there were other flights, better led or luckier, that ended happily on the right side of the Wansdyke.

A GOOD USE FOR SOLDIERS

The Great Poverty in Berlin

The great poverty existing in Berlin is illustrated by the fact that German soldiers regularly tour the streets with carts to collect old clothing for the benefit of the destitute.

The soldiers perambulate the better thoroughfares and direct attention to their mission by trumpet fanfares. Thus at one and the same time the poor benefit and the soldier is put to good use.

THE RIGHT NAMES FOR THINGS

No Imitations Need Apply

HOW CHARLES THE SIXTH
LIKED HIS CHEESE

"A cheese by any other name would smell as sweet" is a proposal that the French courts are not prepared to admit.

A cheese must be called by its right name, and any cheese attempting to masquerade under a title to which it has no right may be haled into court and asked to give an account of its origin. This is what recently happened in Rouen.

A cheese which professed to be Roquefort lacked the right scent and flavour. Suspicion arose that it was not a true Roquefort, and the Syndicate of Genuine Roquefort Cheese Manufacturers, feeling that the fraud would impair the reputation of their real cheeses, took the imitation cheese to court and accused it of being made of cow's milk.

Heresy

The maker of the imitation Roquefort cheese said that there was no reason why it should not be made from cow's milk. At this heresy the Manufacturers of Genuine Roquefort Cheese threw their hands up in horror. The whole world knew that the cheese must be made from ewe's milk curds, mixed with breadcrumbs, placed in earthen pots, ripened just so, then pierced with long needles, and finished off in the cool and breezy grottoes of Mount Courbaou. The whole process requires six weeks.

The defence was not willing to admit this view; but historic documents were brought in to prove that in the first half of the fifteenth century Charles the Sixth and Charles the Seventh both understood that Roquefort cheese was this and nothing else, and so the case was won.

A GLIMPSE OF LIFE IN RHODESIA

As the White Pioneer Sees It

A C.N. reader in Northern Rhodesia thinks we might say more than we have said about the ordinary families who have made that promising land their home. Then he develops this pleasant picture, which we gladly pass on.

In the present state of England it is astounding to me that more young men do not come out here. There must be thousands of fathers who would be glad to start a son here if they were aware of the healthy and attractive life possible.

They cannot know that a man can get all the Rugger and Soccer and cricket he wants; that he designs and builds his own house from his own bricks; that he has about him the same kind of people he knows at home; that he can always sell his produce at a fair price; that he has no tailor's bill and is practically tax-free; and that his return fare is well under £100.

His farming, principally organising work, is intensely interesting, and a year on a farm is ample agricultural training. If it does not appeal to him he has, at the worst, spent an interesting and healthy holiday.

Native labour is plentiful, and is contented on about 12s 6d a month. It is not exploited labour. The native has a child's simple tastes, and is as easily made happy. His rate of pay gives him the small luxuries he wants—such as a hat—with just enough incentive to do perhaps a little more work and so attain to a bicycle.

It may be said that character and not happiness is the aim of life. Well, the native has his own character, and it is a fine one. He has self-respect and honesty and loyalty and charitableness. To employ a score or two of natives on a farm and by self-control and fairness to show that the white is better than the black is no bad life for any man.

SWIFT TRADE CHANGES

The Triumph of Oil and the British Miner

Lloyd's give us a most interesting account of that extraordinary change at sea which has done so much to throw British miners out of work, the substitution of oil fuel for coal fuel.

This substitution takes two distinct forms. In the new motor-ships oil fuel is used on the internal combustion principle, as it is in a motor-car. In steamships oil is now largely burned under the boilers in place of coal. So we get the following extraordinary record of a form of progress which strikes directly at the British coal industry; we give the shipping in tonnage.

	Motor-Ships	Oil Steamers	Total
1914..	1,300,000..	200,000..	1,500,000.
1919..	5,300,000..	700,000..	6,000,000.
1925..	17,800,000..	2,700,000..	20,500,000.
1931..	20,000,000..	9,400,000..	29,400,000.

Coal is still largely used at sea; in the present year some 39 million tons of shipping use coal against the above 29 million tons using oil, but each year the oil ships gain on the coal ships.

These facts are among the most extraordinary that have ever been recorded in trade operations. Because of them an army of coalminers have been thrown out of work, with no prospect of regaining their livelihood.

Lost Work and Lost Freights

It should also be understood that the change has greatly injured the British shipping industry, which before the war was largely occupied in carrying coal for the use of ships abroad. Thus, while the miners have lost work, the ship-owners have lost freights.

For another reason these facts should be noted by all who wish to understand the world in which they live. We see how, in the short period of 17 years, one of the greatest industries in the world has been changed in an essential character. It is the rapidity of the change which is so remarkable.

This acceleration of the rate of change and progress is becoming a feature of modern industry. We have to prepare our minds for rapid change and to be ready to alter our methods and our views accordingly. Such changes throw great responsibilities not only upon private captains of industry, but also upon Governments who are charged with the welfare of industrial nations.

THE SOLDIER AND HIS MOTHER

An Altar of Long Ago THE ROMAN COLONY OF BRITAIN

A delightful find has been made some ten miles west of Newcastle on the line of the old Roman Wall.

It is a Roman altar in a good state of preservation, with its inscription still sharp and clear after all the centuries that have streamed away since Britain was a Roman colony.

The altar was dedicated to mothers by a detachment of the First Cohort of the Verdulli. It is a charming thought, like the thought that prompted Mothering Sunday.

Here, we may suppose, the legionaries paid tribute to all the mothers they had left behind them, their own mothers, withered and bent but so kind and beloved, and their sons' mothers, the lasses who were longing for their return.

It helped them to bear their homesickness to build this altar as a token of the honour in which they held those far-away women. Here they prayed for their homes.

The altar was found near Matfen Piers by the North of England Excavations Committee. It is a great treasure that they have discovered for us.

THE CALENDAR

Move For Simplifying It Slows Down

MORE EDUCATION NEEDED

The Calendar Conference has come and gone. Fears and hopes for reform have been alike disappointed. The Calendar remains unchanged.

Everyone had his say: Church and State, sects and societies, Jew and Moslem, business and trade. A more motley gathering has never assembled at Geneva to take part in a League meeting. The world itself was represented.

Two questions were considered: the fixing of Easter and the changing of the Calendar given us by Pope Gregory three and a half centuries ago. The first found general favour, only the Roman Church withholding full approval. Easter Day would come always between April 9 and 15, the date actually fixed by an Act of Parliament in our own country some time ago, though we still go on in the old familiar way.

The Old Familiar Way

This old familiar way was one of the chief obstacles to changing the Calendar. Each suggested reform requires one week in the year to have eight days, and this is strongly opposed by Jews, Seventh Day Adventists, and some others, as interfering with the Sabbath falling on the seventh day, which they believe to be ordained by the Bible. The main difficulty, however, was that the reformers themselves did not agree. One group pleaded for 13 months of 28 days, the other for four equal quarters of 91 days, dates and days corresponding in each.

Calendar reform is not such an innovation as some think, nor is the League of Nations the culprit for suggesting it. No less than nine congresses discussed it before the League of Nations took it up at the request of the International Chamber of Commerce.

What the League Has Done

The League can only do what its members desire; the pressure in this matter comes from great business firms. Auxiliary calendars of a 13-month year are already used by a number of firms, and their more general use would prepare people for what they would gain by reform.

The Conference, with all the preparation for it and the committees set up in different countries, has made people aware that there may be need for reform and has set them thinking. It should also make them realise that such reform rests with them. The League's business is to enlighten public opinion on a problem of the day, and to afford opportunity to Governments to reach a common agreement, and that, at least, the League has done.

PADEREWSKI

Pianist and Gentleman

The other day someone was telling a delightful story about Paderewski.

That famous pianist was asked to play in the house of an important American. A Negro was engaged to sing, and by some mistake his accompanist did not turn up.

Paderewski quietly went to the piano and acted as the singer's accompanist.

Many pianists, jealous of their dignity, would have stood aside and let the singer fumble through his own accompaniment. They would have been furious if asked to help him, or would have said "I am not an accompanist, unfortunately, I am sorry." But Paderewski is too great to care about such things; he only thought of helping another artist to do himself justice.

When the Negro spoke of it afterwards there were tears in his eyes. Paderewski had not only honoured the singer, but his race as well. That was what pleased him most: "Such an honour to a man of my race!"

BEAUTIFUL CLUSTER OF STARS

The Moon in Front of the Pleiades

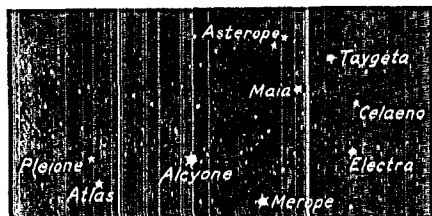
THE MYSTERIOUS LIGHT

By the C.N. Astronomer

During the night of Tuesday, November 24, the upper part of the Moon will pass in front of the Pleiades, that charming cluster of stars now so striking a feature of the south-east sky.

The occurrence will not take place until between 1 o'clock and 2.30 in the morning, but in the evening the Moon may be seen to approach the Pleiades from the right, or west, side.

They will, however, appear very faint owing to the Moon's being near the Full, and if possible field-glasses should be



The Pleiades as seen through field-glasses. Only those named can be seen with the naked eye

used to make them more distinct. At about 8 o'clock the Pleiades will be approximately six times the Moon's apparent width away, to the left of her.

But little can be seen of their beauty while the Moon is about. During the dark nights of the following week they may be studied to advantage, and with glasses their glory will be enhanced and their numbers greatly increased.

As a rule only six stars can be discerned, though very keen sight can on dark, favourable nights make out seven. Observers with exceptionally good eyesight have occasionally seen as many as ten or more, by distinguishing Pleione as distinct from Atlas, and seeing Asterope as two distinct stars.

But this is only possible if we know just where to look for these other stars, or the ancient astronomers would have known there were more than seven. It was, however, not until the invention of the telescope that astronomers became aware of their greater numbers.

Indeed one appears to have become dim and imperceptible to the naked eye several centuries ago, and was in consequence known as the Lost Pleiad. It is probable that this was Pleione.

A Glorious Spectacle

Now powerful telescopes have revealed upwards of 2000 stars in the area covered by the Pleiades. Small telescopes will present a glorious spectacle of about 100 stars; field-glasses, or even opera-glasses, will show from 30 to 50 sparkling suns, the double suns of Asterope being very striking.

All the Pleiades are speeding the same way through space, toward the south. This shows that they are all physically connected by the force of gravitation and probably had one common origin.

Their distance has been estimated to be enormous, about 20 and a half million times as far as our Sun, so that their light takes over 320 years to reach us. Were our Sun so far away, a powerful telescope would be necessary in order to see him, as is the case with so many of the suns of this wonderful cluster. We may thus get some idea how very much larger than our Sun are those suns which we can see with the naked eye or even with the aid of glasses.

Much mystery surrounds these Pleiades, shining through a misty haze of nebulous light, which is apparently helium enveloping these great suns and occupying the enormous spaces between them to a great extent. It surrounds Maia, Alcyone, Meropé, and Electra in particular. These, with Atlas, Pleione, Celaeno, and the twin suns of Asterope, shown in the star-map, are alone within reach of naked-eye vision. G. F. M.

C. L. N.

Did He Do Right?

Number of Members—29,241

Every second Saturday the pupils of the Wallrabenstein School in Taunas, Germany, hold a meeting to discuss the more serious questions of everyday life.

A lively argument has arisen concerning the action of one of the boys who was seen to box the ears of another boy who was teasing a blind man.

"If we are sincere in our desire for peace we have no right to resort to violent methods," is the argument of one side.

"But one can't stand by and see that sort of thing go on," said the boy who intervened to protect the blind man.

This, in a small way, is exactly the question which the world had to answer in August, 1914. It is interesting to see that these German boys recognise its knotty points.

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:

Children's League of Nations,

15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.

No letters should be sent to the C.N. Office.



The C.L.N. Badge

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence in stamps for the card and badge. Please give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school.

Story for C.L.N. Members

Another Hero Goes—page 8

WHO WAS MATTHEW PRIOR?

Born Dorset, 1664. Died Wimpole, 1721.

Left fatherless at an early age, he became bookkeeper to his uncle, a vintner, but was befriended by the Earl of Dorset, and enabled to study at Cambridge University.

Although he is best remembered by his literary productions, in which occur lyrics and epigrams of surpassing excellence, he filled many diplomatic and State offices, and succeeded Locke as Commissioner of Trade and Plantations. His politics brought him to grief, the ascendancy of his enemies leading to his impeachment and imprisonment.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

What is a Caid?

A caid, or alcaide, is the governor of a Spanish or Moorish fortress. The word is also used for a gaoler.

What is the Meaning of Mahatma?

It is a Sanskrit word meaning great-souled, and is a comparatively modern title given to Indian ascetics.

Is the Aubergine a Fruit or a Vegetable?

It is the fruit of the egg-plant, a native of North Africa, whose plant grows to a height of about two feet.

Is it Correct to Write of a Movement as Being Under Weigh?

No; the phrase is Under way, meaning in progress, the confusion in spelling having arisen from the fact that a ship under way has just weighed or raised its anchor.

What is the Meaning of Symond's Yat?

Yat means gate, and is given to the narrow opening, 600 yards across, between two hills at the neck of a bend of the Wye. Symond is a man's name.

What is the Difference Between a Verger and a Sacristan?

A verger is one who carries a verge or mace, or other emblem of authority, before the clerical dignitaries in a cathedral. The term is also applied to a cathedral beadle and to a pew-opener or attendant in a church, or to one who has care of the interior of a church. Sacristan is an early form of the word sexton. A sexton is a parochial official who has charge of the various articles used in Divine worship, and whose duties include the cleaning, lighting, and heating of a church, the filling-up and sometimes the digging of graves, tolling the bell, and so on.

ORNAMENTAL AND USEFUL

Three Generations of a Ragged School

A BISHOP LOOKING BACK

Only the Bishop of Manchester himself would be allowed to declare that he was not ornamental.

Manchester, which knows his worth, and Manchester and Salford's Ragged Schools in particular, would join him in declaring that he was useful.

Where the Ragged Schools are concerned he is more than that, for Ragged Schools are not merely useful, they adorn by their humanity and true charity the community which supports them, and the bishop is more than a supporter. He can claim to be one of the pious family of founders.

Started in an Old Stable

Dr Warman's grandfather and grandmother, who was a Lancashire woman, started a ragged school in an old stable in North London, at a place called Duddy's Rents. Those were the days when boy sweeps were still sent up chimneys, the days of the London of Charles Dickens, when poverty and drunkenness were so common that nobody heeded them.

But the Warman family did heed them, and when the bishop's father took on the work of old Mr and Mrs Warman the school was moved to Britannia Row. Still it grew, and in the third generation it moved to an old music-hall which had lost its licence, and there the bishop's sister, Miss Warman, honorary superintendent of the Rosemary Mission, still conducts it.

Toward the Daylight

It is nearly fifty years since the bishop began his connection with the struggling ragged school in Britannia Row. One of his prized possessions is an old newspaper cutting telling of a winter treat to its boys and girls, when his father gave them a magic lantern show, and he himself, "Master Guy Warman," told the story of the Pilgrim's Progress to the infants.

A Pilgrim's Progress toward the daylight is this story of a ragged school through three generations.

The bishop speaks words of enlightened wisdom in declaring that men and women who had come from ragged schools in the poorer parts of a great town made the best of social helpers.

"I owe more than I can tell (declares Bishop Warman) to all that was done for me in that old school and all that I was allowed to do there."

The work of mercy blesseth him that gives as well as those that take.

ALIGHT FOR SIX YEARS

The Fire That Closed a Coalmine

A fire has been raging beneath the cold bleak hills of Spitsbergen island for six years, and no one has yet been able to put it out.

It is no volcano, but a coalmine that caught fire in 1925 after Sweden had worked the mine and conveyed its wealth to Sweden for fourteen years. A harbour had been built and houses for the workmen, with a library to meet the needs of their leisure hours.

Then the mine caught fire and, do what they would, they could not extinguish the furnace. The known outlets were blocked up, but that did not avail because there were inlets for air hidden under masses of boulders on the hillside.

There was no alternative but to pack up and go home and the derelict mine was sold to a private company, who hope some day to work the rich layers in the parts of the mine that have escaped the fire. See World Map



Children play hard

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HōVIS

THE NATIONAL HEALTH BUILDER

Once a day
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"Hurry up, Bill," called mother, "tea is on the table." "Give us a chance, Mum," Bill shouted back between the suds. "Why spoil a good thing. Half a wash isn't any use to me."

Bill (who is a hot favourite for the school two-twenty and hundred yards) learnt a tip about health and training last year that he swears by. Keeping hands really clean—getting off the grime *regularly*—is a splendid safeguard to fitness.

It was the doctor who told Bill the Lifebuoy way to safeguard health. Disease germs, always active in dirt, are dealt

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CARL AKELEY'S DREAM HAS COME TRUE

A VERY WONDERFUL PARK

Tracking Gorillas in Their Haunts by Night

PLAINS AND JUNGLES OF AFRICA

Carl Akeley, the African naturalist and explorer well known to C.N. readers, did a great service to the animal world when he persuaded the Belgian Government to set aside a sanctuary in Central Africa for gorillas.

All and more than he dreamed of has come true, for the Albert National Park covers five hundred thousand acres and is many times larger than the sanctuary of his dreams. Not only gorillas, but lions, leopards, elephants, hippos, buffalo, and hosts of smaller creatures have this region of glorious country to themselves. Human beings may only enter on sufferance; the big-game hunter finds the way into this garden of Eden barred by the guardian angel of charity.

The Expedition

Mr Martin Johnson, who was one of Carl Akeley's friends, with a party of other sportsmen in the best sense of the word, lately spent a fortnight in this most wonderful park in the world. They went in search of gorillas, not to harm them but to photograph them and find out more about these mild-mannered and rarely ferocious creatures for which Carl Akeley had such an affection that he was buried near their haunts.

About two hundred porters and guides accompanied the expedition. They were all needed, for the Albert National Park is no more like a municipal park than a whale is like a tadpole. Vast tracts of forest and jungle and miles of plains and valleys are within its boundaries, besides the mountainous country with many volcanoes where the gorillas live.

It was no easy matter to feed the members of the party, for in the protected area nobody is allowed to kill any animal for food; all supplies must be drawn from the outside world.

Held Up by Nine Lions

Adventures began very soon after they had started. One night, when all his comrades were asleep, Dewitt, one of the most daring members of the party, crept out of the camp in the hope of seeing some wild animals at close range. He was disappointed, for all was dark and silent. He was on his way back when he stopped suddenly. On all sides he saw eyes, seeming to have appeared from nowhere, glaring at him. They cut off his retreat, and as he had neither gun nor flashlight he dared not go backward or forward. He stood in the midst of the silent presences and shouted desperately for help.

His friends arrived, and by the light of their flashlights they saw nine lions standing round the scared man. Fortunately they were not hungry, and presently without a sound the great cats vanished into the darkness as suddenly as they had come.

The Gorilla's Favourite Food

Another night there were loud shrieks and barks from a family of gorillas. The next day Mr Johnson found a group of nests, which are roughly built each night by these animals of sticks and grass. They were all in disorder. Near by were footprints of two large leopards. They had evidently been trying to steal gorilla babies, which are probably as dainty morsels to leopards as monkeys and baboons.

Day after day Mr Johnson and his party went long distances tracking gorillas. They noticed that these crea-

NEW BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

A Splendid Quartette

THINGS TO READ AND THINGS TO MAKE

Books for boys and girls become more and more attractive as time goes on, and every activity and development of modern life is seen in the Annuals now appearing in the shops.

For instance, all boys love to watch aeroplanes, to hear about their development, and to learn of the achievements of famous airmen like Lieutenant Boothman, who won the Schneider Trophy for England, and Lieutenant Stainforth, who reached the almost incredible speed of 415 miles an hour.

A Thrilling Book of Aircraft

For such boys the Modern Boy's Book of Aircraft is a splendid volume, profusely illustrated with drawings, photographs, and colour plates. Here we read of famous exploits told by flying-men themselves, of the marks on aircraft which enable them to be identified, of tricks performed by airmen, and a hundred other things that thrill and interest boys. A very useful feature of the book is a dictionary of air terms called The Airman's Language. At 7s 6d the book is extraordinarily cheap.

Then there is the Modern Boy's Annual at 6s, with colour plates and pictures dealing with such subjects as building a great liner, deep-sea divers, perils of the deep, fishing from aeroplanes, and so on. There are articles on mining and railways, and the secrets of film-making and life-saving, and the rule of the road at sea. These are only a few of the subjects dealt with, and in addition to the articles there are a number of splendid and exciting stories.

How To Make and Do Things

The Hobby Annual at 6s is the very book for the boy or girl who loves to make and do things. Here are full particulars of how to make toys and models, railways signals and cardboard animals, wireless sets, and working models. There are articles on aeroplanes and railways and airships and firemen and postage stamps, and scores of other subjects. A very interesting feature is a large collection of curious optical illusions.

For those who love animals the New Zoo Annual for Boys and Girls is a really splendid volume at 6s. It is full of pictures, and deals with all sorts of thrilling subjects connected with animals which we see at the Zoo. The Zoo is, of course, one of the most interesting places we can visit, and here we learn how the Zoo obtains its animals, how they are fed and kept healthy. There are a large number of true stories about animals of all kinds.

Continued from the previous column

tures never seem to drink at streams or water-holes like other animals. Apparently they find enough water in the bamboo shoots, and buds of certain trees and bushes, and in the bitter wild celery so abundant here, which is their favourite food.

Afterwards the party made a pilgrimage to the grave of Carl Akeley. They climbed Mount Mikeno by an almost impossible new route through forest and jungle. Sometimes they heard bands of gorillas smashing through the bamboos. It was a steep climb, and when they had reached 11,500 feet they were exhausted. At last they came to the high and lonely grave with the simple slab on which is written: Carl Akeley, November 17, 1926.

The next day the clouds in which they had been enveloped rolled away. The Sun shone, and below them, lit up by an almost unearthly radiance, they saw the panorama of the mountains and plains and jungles of Africa which Carl Akeley declared to be the most beautiful view in the world. See World Map

THE DANGER TRAIL

Serial Story by
T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 13 A Fight For Life

It was a hurricane. "Tormonte," gasped Tod. "It's torment all right. I feel as if I were being skinned alive."

"Put poncho over face," Kespi ordered. "You no breathe unless you cover mouth."

Tod did as he was bid.

"Derek, do you think we shall ever make that old house?"

"We'll do it all right," vowed Derek, as he staggered forward, bent almost double against the blast; "but don't waste breath in talking."

The snow thickened until the air was one fog of fine ice-flakes so cold that they stung like hot iron. The temperature was dropping and the wind was fierce beyond belief.

The worst of it was that there was no shelter, for the road ran along the southern flank of the great mountain, and it was from the South that the storm came. From the feel of it the wind might be blowing straight off the Antarctic ice cap, and the gale seemed to strengthen every minute. It was all they could do to keep their feet, and though they were going downhill they panted as if straining up a steep slope. The snow was so fine it blew into their eyes, ears, and noses; and so thick they could hardly see one another.

Derek pushed on as best he could, but was beginning to get scared. The two miles to shelter loomed as long as twenty. He bumped into something. It was one of the burros. A donkey will face more than a horse, or even a mule, but Sucki had apparently come to the conclusion that this was a bit too much, and had switched round with his back to the blast and his head tucked down between his legs. Manacan was trying to pull him round.

Derek lent a hand, and so did Tod, but it took all three to get him moving again.

Suddenly came a blast worse than any yet, and out of the white blinding smother rose a muffled cry.

"It's Manacan," Tod cried in Derek's ear. "It's blown him over the edge of the path."

"Hang on to the burros," Derek answered. "I'll find him."

The slope below the old road was steep, but how steep Derek had no means of telling, for he could see nothing. He lowered himself carefully over the edge and found foothold. The savage gusts threatened to tear him from the cliff side and he felt that if he once let go he would be blown like a feather into the depths beneath. But he had to get Manacan. About ten feet down he found a ledge and caught a glimpse of something dark lying there. It was the hunchback.

He groaned as Derek stooped over him and tried to lift him. Derek shouted to Tod to send down a rope. Tod heard and got one out from a pack. The wind whisked it sideways and Tod had to tie a stone to the end before Derek could get hold. He managed to fasten it round Manacan's body, then Tod and Kespi hauled on it, and with Derek pushing behind they got the man back to the path. He was conscious and, as far as they could tell, no bones were broken, but the fall had damaged him so that he could not walk.

"I finished," he told them. "You go leave me. I freeze quick."

"What are you talking about?" growled Tod. "Sucki will take the two packs and we'll sling you on the back of the other mule."

"It no good. I freeze," replied Manacan doggedly. "You wait—you freeze too."

Derek thought the man was probably right, but he did not say so. With numbed fingers he set to switching the packs, and Tod helped him. Somehow they got Manacan on to the other donkey's back and pushed on. Kespi led the way, the two boys followed, each leading a donkey.

The storm raged as furiously as ever, and Derek did not blink the fact that the odds were all against their ever reaching shelter. The snow was drifting badly, and every few steps they were in over their knees and had to haul the donkeys through by main force. Derek felt he would give anything for a moment's shelter from the stinging, cutting blast, and a chance to fill his lungs with something besides ice.

It came. A dark mass loomed up to windward, and instinctively they all pulled up under the shelter of a great blunt mass of rock which rose to the right of the road. Tod leaned against the rock and drew long breaths while the gale roared overhead. "Hadden't we better camp here, Kespi?" he asked.

"No use camp here," answered the cacique gravely. "No wood, no fire. Snow

get deeper all time. We freeze. In morning all dead."

"You're a cheerful old dear," retorted Tod. "Do you mean we must go on?"

"We go on," replied Kespi simply. "Not far now. Maybe only mile."

"He is right," Derek said. "The temperature is down to zero, and even if we lived through the night Manacan wouldn't. We must get him under shelter."

Tod straightened his tired body.

"All right. No use putting off the evil hour. Let's push along."

The shelter was short. It lasted only for about thirty yards, then they were in the open and the full force of the blizzard, sweeping over hundreds of miles of snow-clad mountains, struck them with a fury that almost stunned them. Again the donkeys tried to turn back. It was all they could do to haul them on.

Derek was leading Sucki, with Kespi on the other side of the animal. The snow was up to the donkey's stomach, and Derek had to go ahead and trample it down so that the heavily-laden little animal could get through the drift. The path here sloped steeply downward and Derek began to hope they were nearing the valley.

Suddenly he felt himself slipping. A gulf opened in front. With a desperate effort he flung himself backward; but the snow was falling away beneath him, and if it had not been that he had hold of Sucki's halter rope he would have followed it. But the clever little burro had dug his legs in, giving Derek something to hold to, and presently he managed to scramble back into safety.

"What's up?" asked Tod, struggling forward out of the white smother.

"Get back," Derek ordered. "The path's gone. We'll have to camp under that rock, after all," he added.

CHAPTER 14 The Cave

AN hour later the four, with their two donkeys, were still under the rock. They had cleared a space from snow, and piled it up in a wall around them. They were out of the wind, but overhead the storm raged with unabated fury, and the cold was terrible. In spite of his blankets Derek felt himself getting numb. Every now and then he got up and stamped about on the bare rock to try to make the blood move in his veins, and Tod did the same.

But Manacan could not do that, and it was clear that he was slowly freezing to death. Tod and Derek had each given up one of their blankets to the hunchback, but no blankets could keep out the terrible frost. Tod, who was fond of the man, was frantic.

"Can't we do something?" he kept asking. "Isn't there some hole in the rock where we could put the poor chap? Are there any caves in the mountain, Kespi?"

"I not know," answered the old Indian. "Maybe there are, but in this night of storm who find them?"

"I'm game to try," said Tod. "What about you, Derek?"

"Come on," said Derek sharply.

With their ponchos over their heads the two forced their way out again into the yelling blast. It was not so dark as it had been, for the moon had risen, and though the storm clouds hid it some light leaked through. The road was deep in drifted snow, fine and soft as powder, but above and below the rocks were mostly bare. The wind had whipped the snow from the steep flanks of the mountain.

They went down cautiously toward the break in the trail. There was light enough now to see the gap where a rock-slide from above had shorn away some dozen yards of the old road.

"A mighty good thing you didn't go down into that," said Tod, as he peered over into the depths. "Even if the storm gives over we won't be able to cross that break."

Derek did not answer, and Tod saw that he was looking hard at the mountainside to the left. "There's a hole," he said sharply. "See, Tod?"

Tod's eyes were so full of driven snow that for the moment he was almost blind, but in a lull between two blasts he managed to clear them.

"You're right," he panted. "Sure thing, it's a hole."

Both boys together went scrambling up the slope. Derek reached the place first and pushed in; Tod followed, and found himself in a crack in the hillside. Though the roof was high it was desperately narrow, not more than four feet wide. It seemed, however, to run in a good way. It was

Continued on the next page



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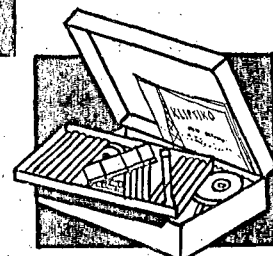
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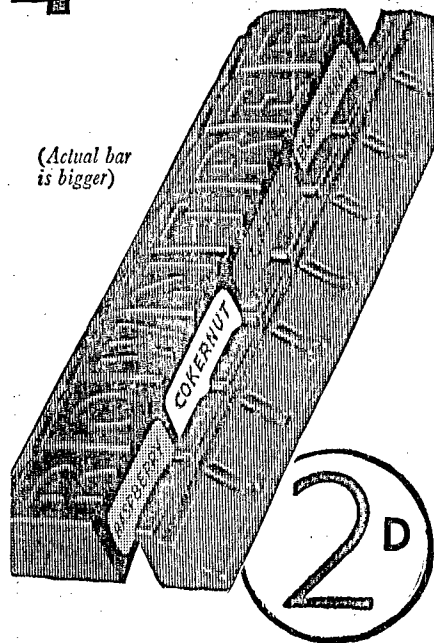
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Alas, that it should find us at the end of a disastrous year, marked by discord and depression throughout the world. These things are not the fruits of goodwill and peace, for Plenty is the child of Peace and Happiness the child of Goodwill.

And there is this curious and accusing thing to observe about the poverty and distress of 1931: it is poverty in a world of plenty.

A striking article in My Magazine tells how, with the growth of the spirit of world citizenship and the elimination of narrow national prejudices, this world could be made a happy place for everyone to live in.

Among the numerous pictures in this specially enlarged issue are many pages printed in photogravure and a collection of French Masters reproduced in colours.

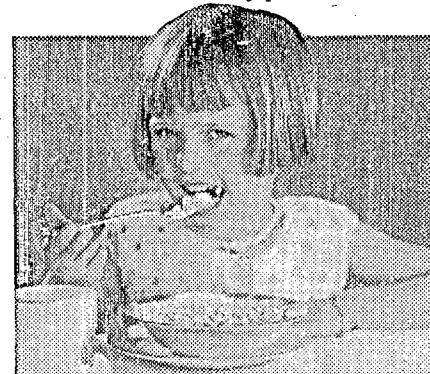
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**It's a joy
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them eat**



Young WILLIAM is insistent about his breakfast. It must be Puffed Wheat . . . those fat, golden brown grains, tempting to the most lazy appetite. How he enjoys them . . . and what nourishment they provide.

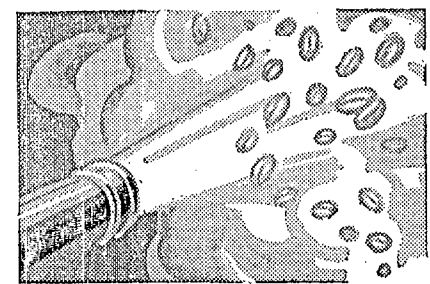


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**TRY THEM
BOTH—ASK
YOUR FAMILY
WHICH THEY
PREFER**



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Continued from page 13

bitter cold and the snow was beating into it in thin dry whirls.

"Not much use, I'm afraid," said Derek, very disappointed.

"It's better than the open," declared Tod. "If we can all squeeze in we can block up the mouth with stones. The job will be to get the mokes in."

"We'll try it, anyhow," said Derek, as he plunged out again into the storm.

Short as the distance was, it took a full half-hour to get the donkeys and Manacan into the cave. The donkeys hated the place, and had to be pushed and hauled in. When at last they had them inside the boys tried to build up the mouth with loose rocks, but they were not very successful.

"Let's go in farther, Derek," Tod said.

"We can't. It's too narrow."

"We can if we can move this rock," Tod answered. He was at the end of the cave and was examining it by the light of a flash lamp. "Come and give me a hand."

They tugged and heaved, but it was not until Kespi came and lent a hand that they managed to pull it like a cork out of a bottle. Tod went through and Derek followed. The passage, high but narrow, went straight on into the mountain.

"We're out of the wind at last," said Tod.

"It feels almost warm," Derek answered.

"By gum, it is warm," declared Tod in a puzzled tone.

"It's getting wider too," Derek added.

"I say, here's a real cave."

Sure enough, the passage widened and they walked into a chamber some twenty feet wide and at least fifty high. Here, there was no doubt about it, the air was many degrees warmer. Derek stopped.

"We must get Manacan in here at once," he said.

They carried him through and laid him on blankets, then went back for the donkeys. Again there was trouble for both the animals seemed badly frightened. It was all the boys and Kespi could do to drive them into the inner cave, and when they got them there the poor little animals stood trembling and snorting.

"I can't make it out," said Derek. "The air is all right."

"It is," agreed Tod. "Man, it's warm."

It was warm and the joy of once more feeling the blood running in their veins made the boys forget everything except that they were hungry.

"Even if we can't cook we can eat."

said Tod, as he began to unpack some food. Cold meat and some remains of cold maize bread—that was all they had, but they were so starved after their struggle through the storm that they ate hungrily.

"A cup of coffee would go fine," said Tod regretfully, "but though it's warm I guess it's not warm enough to boil a kettle."

"What makes it so warm, Kespi?" Derek asked.

"Him fire mountain," was the calm reply.

"I'd forgotten this was a volcano!" exclaimed Tod. "Do you reckon we're somewhere near the crater, Derek?"

Derek laughed. "A mile at least, and probably two. But heat leaks out through a crack like this."

Tod looked round. "It would be awkward if there was an eruption, Derek."

"Why worry? An eruption comes only once in twenty or thirty years, so there's no special reason for one tonight. And, in any case, we'd get plenty of warning. I'm sleepy. What about a nap?"

"All right, but first I'll have a look at Manacan."

"Him better," Kespi said, and he was right. The warmth had saved him; the man was sleeping.

Tod lay down and was asleep at once. Kespi dozed with his back against the rock wall, Derek stretched out but could not get off. The two donkeys kept fidgeting and stamping. They had had no food and no water. That might explain their uneasiness, yet Derek had a sort of feeling there was something more at the bottom of their restless behaviour. Animals, as Derek knew, have senses which man has not. But he was very tired and at last dropped off, though in his dreams he still seemed to hear the sharp little hoofs striking the rock floor.

The noises grew louder and he found himself awake. Why, the whole floor of the cave was shaking. He sat up. Yes, the rock was quivering and from somewhere came a dull, rumbling sound.

"Tod!" he cried. "Tod, wake up!"

Tod jumped up and rubbed his eyes.

Kespi, too, was on his feet. "Tremblor," he said sharply. "We go out quick."

Again came the rumble, but louder. The burros broke loose and dashed for the opening. Before the boys could follow there was a loud crash. A cloud of dust rose.

"That finish," said Kespi. "Roof fall."

TO BE CONTINUED

JACKO PLAYS A JOKE ON GRANDMA

JACKO was delighted when Grandma invited him to pay her a visit, though Adolphus assured him he would have a dull time. But Jacko found plenty of things to amuse him, and plenty of little jobs to do as well.

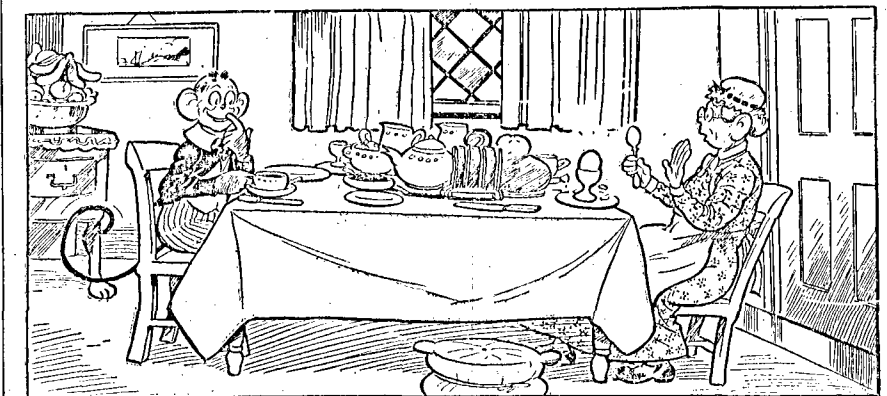
One morning, when he was collecting the eggs before breakfast, he found a pot-egg in one of the nests.

"Coo! I'll have a joke on Grandma with this," he chuckled. And off he skipped to the dining-room.

exclaimed, "Master Jacko's got it." And she whisked his egg away and put the other in front of him.

Jacko saw that his joke had gone flop; but Grandma looked so stern that he dared not say a word. All he could do was to play with his spoon while his thoughts were busy finding a way out.

But Grandma's keen eyes were on him. "Hurry up with your breakfast," she said. "No marmalade for you till you've eaten your egg."



"My egg is as hard as nails," she said

A minute later the old lady came in; and Jacko grinned as they sat down to breakfast. But, alas! she was not in the sweetest of tempers, and things very quickly began to go wrong.

"The toast is burned, and my egg's as hard as nails," she complained. And before Jacko could speak she had rung the bell and was soundly scolding the innocent maid.

"But I boiled your egg specially soft," the girl protested, "and pencil-marked the shell for you to see. Look!" she

And then Jacko suddenly had an idea.

"It's rather cold," he meekly suggested. "May I go to the kitchen to have it warmed up?"

"Nonsense!" snapped Grandma. "Let me feel for myself." And as Jacko at once shot his hand out to stop her he bumped on the egg and over it went. Away it rolled, across the table, on to the floor.

A sudden, sharp crash gave Grandma a shock, for there, on the fender, lay the pot-egg smashed to bits!



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Mincemeat.

1lb. Shredded 'Atona.' 1lb. Currants. 1lb. chopped Apples. 1lb. Brown Sugar. 1lb. chopped Raisins. 1lb. Citron Peel. 1lb. Candied Orange Peel. 1lb. Candied Lemon Peel. 2oz. Sweet Almonds, blanched and chopped. 1 Lemon. 1/2 Nutmeg, grated. 1/2 teaspoonful Salt. 1lb. chopped Sultanas.

Dry the sultanas and currants after washing, mix all dry ingredients together after chopping. Lastly, add the grated rind and strained juice of the lemon. Mix all thoroughly. (Ingredients can be put through small mincing machine instead of being chopped.)

Christmas Pudding.

1lb. Shredded 'Atona.' 2lb. Raisins. 1lb. Currants. 1lb. Sultanas. 1lb. Candied Peel. 1/2 lb. Sugar. 2 teaspoonful Baking Powder. 1lb. Flour. 2oz. Sweet Almonds. Rind and juice of 1 Lemon. 6 Eggs. 1lb. Breadcrumbs. 1/2 Nutmeg. 1 eggspoonful Salt. Milk—sufficient to make right consistency.

Clean currants, stone raisins, put all the dry ingredients into a basin, blanch and chop almonds, add eggs, well beaten, grated rind of lemon, and the juice strained. Mix all thoroughly, put into greased pudding basins, cover with greased paper and steam 6 hours. Sufficient for 4 puddings.

These recipes are taken from the 'Atona' Book of 100 tested recipes. Send a postcard for a copy post free from HUGON & CO., Ltd., Manchester.

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ARE you at all worried about your little ones, mother? Kiddies so often have small ailments which can quickly be cured if only you know the right way to set about it. Every Mother's Book will prove a tremendous help to you, for it contains valuable advice on the treatment of the ailments of young children. This book will be sent, post free, on application to Mr. Alfred Fennings, Cowes, Isle of Wight. When writing, please mention "Children's Newspaper."

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Left-off Clothing, Boots of all descriptions, Hospital and Surgical Aid Letters, Food and Money for Xmas Treats for poor children, are urgently needed to help the "poor" passing through our hands.

Any gift will be gratefully received by
LEWIS H. BURTT, Secretary, Hoxton Market
Christian Mission, Hoxton Market, London, N.1.
President—WALTER SCOTTS, Esq.



GOOD IT'S MASON'S

AND NON-ALCOHOLIC.

POST FREE. This case contains three trial bottles of Mason's Wine Essences, Ginger, Orange and Black Currant. Each bottle contains enough essence to make a full size bottle of delicious wine. The case will be sent post free to all who send name and address and 8d. to:—

NEWDALL & MASON LTD., NOTTINGHAM

Cut out this coupon and post to-day.

COUPON

I enclose 8d. in stamps and would like to sample your Ginger, Orange and Black Currant Wine Essences.

Name.....

Address.....

The Stamp Collector's Corner

CHEAP—CHOICE—CHARMING

For the world's finest
Approval Sheets of
Stamps write
to:

ERRINGTON & MARTIN.
South Hackney, London, E.8. Established 1880.
A Grand Free gift to every applicant for sheets, enclosing 1d. for postage if addressed to Department No. 155.

6 MINT BRITISH COLONIALS 6 FREE.

Send a postcard—No cash—for my fine illustrated Price List (No. 9), containing over 1,200 items—Stamps, Albums, Sets, Packets, Accessories—in fact, EVERYTHING FOR THE STAMP COLLECTOR. Prices from 1d. (over 200 sets at 1d. each) to 40/- SIX MINT BRITISH COLONIALS, one each from ZANZIBAR, KENYA, TURKS & CAICOS IS., MOROCCO AGENCIES, SOUDAN and CAYMAN ISLANDS—and ALL MINT. Ask for the No. 212 Packet.—**EDWARD SANDELL, 10-11, FETTER LANE, LONDON, E.C.4.**

TRIANGULAR AND "LATAKIA" PKT. FREE

Pkt. includes a mint Three-cornered Pictorial stamp new "Latakia," unused, depicting the beautiful Syrian city of Hamah, showing quaint Eastern Mosques and Minarets, a Mint 1d. British Colonial, an unused Persian Zoo stamp, British Morocco Agencies (mint), a beautiful unused pictorial Saar, showing over-land transport across a river, and a grand set of 12 Unused Air Mails, showing aeroplanes, birds, etc. ALL FREE to genuine approval applicants who enclose 2d. for postage. **SHOWELL BROS. (G.N.), 42, Vanbrugh Hill, LONDON, S.E.3.**

1000 HILL PACKET 4 10.

500 excellently mixed stamps, complete sheet of 100 Postage unused, 12-page booklet for duplicates, 21d. extra. 25 British Colonials, 375 Strip Mounts (three times as quick as the old-fashioned single ones), also my fine illustrated list. Senders of stamp-collecting friends' addresses will receive in addition a free set. Ask to see my cheap approval sheets.

WATKINS (C.N. Dept.), Granville Road, BARNET.

FREE TO STAMP COLLECTORS.

AN ILLUSTRATED BOOK.

Send us a postcard and you will send you, absolutely FREE, our illustrated book, "Stamp Collecting—The World's Hobby." If you have not had it, ask also for our big catalogue of Stamp Albums, Packets, and Sets. It's free!

STANLEY GIBBONS, LTD.
DEPT. 107, 391, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

The Turk Packet FREE.

All applicants for my new approval sheets sending 1d. postage will receive 15 Turkish stamps free, Pictorial, War, Jubilee, Surcharged, etc., usually sold at 1/3. Additional free set to customers giving collectors' addresses.

H. WATKINS,

(Dept. C.P.2), 60, Leicester Rd., East Finchley, N.2.

FREE. 15 Scarce Stamps

which are missing from nearly all collections, including Abyssinia (deaf), Belgium (Brussels Exhibition), Chile (unused), France (mint provisional), Hungary, Mozambique Co., Montenegro 1913, Persia (scarce value), Roumania (Charity cat. 3d.), Turkey (mint), Venezuela (cat. 1/3), etc. To all stamp collectors sending 2d. postage (abroad 4d.), I will send this collection absolutely free. Only one gift to each applicant.—**G. P. KEEF, Mortimer Lodge, Wimbledon Park, London, S.W.19.**

Biggest Stamp Bargain

ONE GUINEA COLLECTION FOR SIXPENCE.

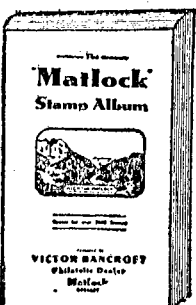
114 High-grade stamps in "WINNER" packet would cost 21/- if bought singly. They include, among others: MINT CENTRAL AMERICANS catalogued up to 7/6 each; KASHMIR (1880); KISHINGARI, cat. 1/3; set of 10 VENEZUELA (mint). A real snip for 6d. (Abroad 1/3) to genuine applicants for my "BETTA" APPROVALS. (Large discounts.)
ALIX HARLAND, DEPT. H.4, 3, Featherstone Buildings, High Holborn, W.C.1.

THE STAMP COLLECTOR'S CORNER

Readers interested in the above will be pleased to know that this feature appears twice monthly in the "Children's Newspaper."

"Matlock" Album Free!!

THE MOST UNIQUE AND VALUABLE GIFT EVER OFFERED. Wonderful Printed Album in Beautiful Coloured Cover, CONTAINING 100 pages and Countless illustrations with full INDEX. AN ALBUM TO BE PROVIDED ABSOLUTELY FREE. Not content with this I am also giving FREE with the "Matlock" Album a rare Abyssinia Stamp (alone worth 4d.) showing the Throne of Solomon. Ask for Approvals and write for this GIGANTIC GIFT to-day. Send 4d. Postage only.



VICTOR BANCROFT, MATLOCK, ENGLAND.

An Ideal Gift for a Schoolgirl! POPULAR BOOK OF GIRLS' STORIES

At all Newsagents and Booksellers

2/6 net.

CREMONA
TRADE MARK
Golden-Nougars
are different!

CUT THIS OUT

CHILDREN'S PEN COUPON. VALUE 3d.
Send 5 of these coupons with only 2/6 (and 2d. stamp) direct to the **FLEET PEN CO., 119, Fleet St., E.C.4.** By return you will receive a handsome Lever Self-Filling **FLEET S.F. PEN** with Solid Gold Nib (Fine, Medium or Broad), equal to those sold at 10/6. Fleet price, 4/-, or with 5 coupons only 2/6. De Luxe Model, 2/- extra.



The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

November 21, 1931

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

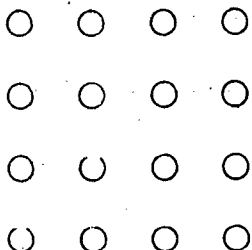
THE BRAN TUB

The Walking Race

FOUR boys, Harry, George, Jack, and Dick, set out for a walking race round a circular route, the distance being exactly one mile. If they all started together, Harry walking at five miles an hour, George at four, Jack at three, and Dick at two, how long would it be before they all met at the starting-point? *Answer next week*

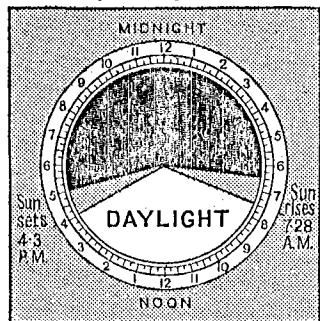
Crossing Out Circles

UNCLE KEN (said Raymond), can you cross out these circles in six straight lines, without lifting your pencil off the paper?



"May I go over the same line twice?" asked his uncle. "No," answered Raymond. Uncle Ken tried, but in the end Raymond had to show him how to do it. *Answer next week*

Day and Night Chart



Daylight, twilight, and darkness in the middle of next week. The daylight gets shorter each day.

Word-Making

By omitting j, k, q, v, x, z there are 20 letters left in the alphabet. Can you take these 20 letters and make five words of four letters, using each letter once? Here are several ways of doing this:

Flow, hasp, city, grub, mend.
Flog, yawn, pith, scum, bred.
Clap, debt, nigh, mows, bury.
Slot, damp, chef, ruby, wing.

The same 20 letters can also be used to make four words of five letters. Here are two examples:

Clown, shrub, pigmy, fated.
Crumb, waned, pithy, flogs.

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

THE little dome-shaped igloo where Silent Water, the Husky girl, lived with her father the hunter, was better kept than any in the village.

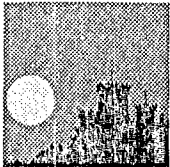
Silent Water talked little, her eyes were as black as coals, and her oily hair as shiny as a seal's back. She could make a seal stew with dough-balls fit to set before a hungry king and sew rabbit-skins into neat blankets.

No wonder that all the young Huskies desired her as a wife. But the only one who pleased her was brave Kwasind, and she would not leave her father even for him.

Cruelly disappointed, Kwasind, hoping his absence would make her heart grow fonder, sailed away to strange lands in a whaler; but in a year he

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Jupiter is in the South. In the evening Saturn and Venus are in the South-West, Uranus in the South, and Jupiter is in the East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 6 p.m. on Wednesday, November 25.



How They Worked

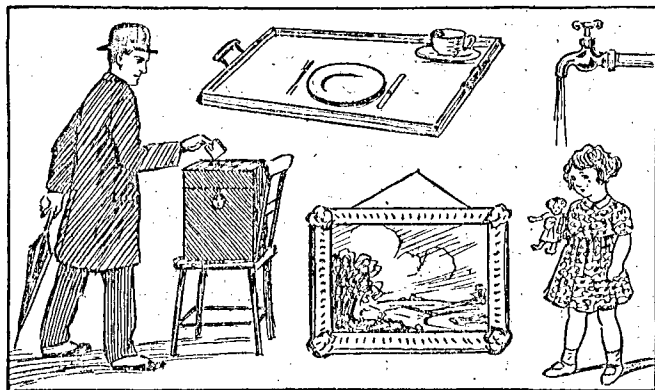
Mrs Oliphant, Sir James Barrie once referred to Mrs Oliphant as a "very heroic woman." The British Museum catalogue contains a list of a hundred and seventy items against her name, including fifty novels. Early in life she was left a penniless widow with three children, but by snatching every possible moment in between her household tasks she managed to do a vast amount of work and earn enough money to maintain her family.

Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for 12 towns. The four weeks up to October 24 are compared with the corresponding weeks last year.

TOWN	BIRTHS	DEATHS
London	1931 1930	1931 1930
Glasgow	5362 5660	3381 3421
Liverpool	1696 1754	1046 984
Dublin	1409 1483	664 800
Belfast	852 798	346 390
Edinburgh	672 672	344 375
Cardiff	553 582	343 413
Coventry	309 307	169 158
Norwich	186 172	79 107
Wigan	169 189	89 102
Bath	127 97	82 81
Canterbury	67 68	70 66
	25 30	15 28

A Hidden Machine



FIND the five words represented by these drawings and write them in a line in such order that the first and last letters of the words spell the name of a very useful machine. *Answer next week*

A Charade

MY first was ne'er against you yet,
Nor shall with my consent;
My second to the harp is set,
Or other instrument.
My whole the constant hope of all;
And though possessed by many,
Ne'er gave upon this earthly ball
Complete content to any.

Answer next week

Ici On Parle Français



Le front La poule Le châtis
Le cerveau est derrière le front.
C'est la poule qui pond des œufs.
Le châssis est une serre froide.

What Am I?

BEFORE my birth I had a name,
But soon as born I lost the same;
And when I'm laid within the tomb
I shall my father's name assume:
I change my name three days together,
Yet live but one in any weather.

Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Peaches and Grape-Fruit
Peach 3d, grape-fruit 4d

A Catch Question A Pictorial Acrostic
Both the same R E T U R N
distance. Envelope
What Country is This? C R A T E
Rumania O d D
A Charade R o l L
Work-shop D a t E

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle



Dr MERRYMAN

Most

MOTHER was not at all satisfied with the progress made by her little son at school, so she resolved to see his teacher. "Is my boy really trying?" asked the fond parent. "Yes, very," replied the teacher.

The Younger Brother

THE vicar was trying to arrange a young people's orchestra. "What do you play, Harry?" he asked one youth. "The younger brother's instrument, sir," said the lad. "The younger brother's instrument?" queried the vicar. "Yes, sir; second fiddle."

A Poser



LIONEL LEOPARD: What is equine, Teacher?
Teacher: Like a horse.
Lionel: And an ox is a kind of cow, isn't it?
Teacher: Yes.
Lionel: Then what is an equinox?

Not Fresh

THE landlady was quite used to complaints. "So Mr Smith has found something fresh to complain about today?" she said to her maid. "No, mum," was the reply. "It's the eggs."

An Early Settler

THE tourist was much impressed by the respectful attention shown to a caller at the local store in a small Canadian town, and he said so to the proprietor. "Well," said the storekeeper, "he's one of our early settlers." "But he's a very young man for an early settler here," observed the tourist. "I mean he pays his bills the first of every month," was the reply.

Family Pride

THE young Scot had applied for work. "Are you a mechanic?" asked the employer. "No, sir," said the Scot with pride; "I'm a McPherson."

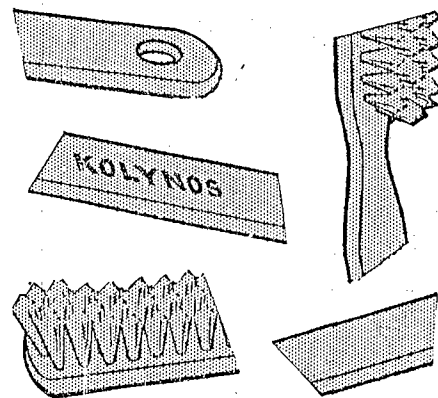
THE MAGIC BOX

could not live with a devil in the house.

"But he's shut in a box." "He might get out and hurt our children. No, Kwasind, you must choose him or me." "I will sell him."

"No; he might come back to us. You must kill him." So poor Kwasind was obliged to take his new axe and smash up his new treasure, and then Silent Water consented to be his bride.

In a year came Sun Face, a fat, black-eyed baby, and both Kwasind and Silent Water thought his cries the sweetest music on Earth; but all the same, sometimes on winter nights in the igloo, Kwasind sighed for Gramophone Devil to amuse them with Rule Britannia and Annie Laurie.



Every morning, every night
Let this help you keep teeth white

You will soon discover what these curious pieces represent, for it is something you use, or ought to, every day.

Take a small pair of scissors (not Mother's nail scissors!) and cut out the pieces neatly. Fit them together and paste them on a postcard with your name and address. Then send it to the address below and you will receive by return of post a free sample tube of delicious Kolynos.

Half an inch of creamy Kolynos on a dry brush, rubbed up and down and round and round your teeth, will keep them white and clean. The Kolynos foam penetrates into every little crevice and washes out everything that should not be there. Kolynos-cleaned teeth are beautiful and germ free.

KOLYNOS

DENTAL CREAM

Send your postcard to Kolynos (Dept. A 50), Chenies Street, London, W.C.1. Don't forget to give your name and address.



Bed time is Benger time

A Doctor says "Benger's Food is the finest thing to go to bed on. Very soothing and sleep inducing."

BENGER'S Food

for INFANTS, INVALIDS and the AGED.

Sold in tins: 1/4, 2/3, etc.

If you suffer from the unrest of weak digestion, Benger's Booklet will help you. Post free from Benger's Food, Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester. Write to-day.